

Reader's Digest

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The Reader's Digest

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Socko, Whamo and Sonk!

Condensed from *The Bookman* (February, '29)

Wells Root

"SO the heavy yanks up the rope ladder, and he's got the girl in a spot. She thinks she's alone but when she turns around she sees him at the window. She takes it big. We get a two-shot of them as he goes for her, moving into a close-up as she feels the hot breath on the neck; cut to the boy. He's coming out of the gauze underneath the hut where the heavy slapped him down and wrapped him up. We intercut with shots of girl fighting for her honor and losing. The boy is tied to one of the posts holding up the hut. He hears the girl yelling and pulls the post out by the roots, nearly tearing down the works. Upstairs the heavy has the girl by the neck. The boy's busted loose and starts up another post. He reaches the win-

dow, his foot slips. Klunk! We double a stunt man for the fall. Again the boy starts up. This time he makes it. He's inside the room. Socko! The heavy goes into the gauze and we've saved the girl's honor. 'Darling!' and they go into a clinch. But the heavy comes to, and Whamo! The boy goes down bam. And Sonk! . . ."

This fragment is derived from a motion picture scenario in the making. With enough English added to make it faintly intelligible, it represents the language of Hollywood.

The fervent fable quoted above is being composed by two "writers." Writing is more often than not done without pencil, paper or typewriter. It is done faster, possibly better and, certainly, with much less trouble, in con-

versation, with a stenographer in attendance responsible for the "original manuscript."

Our collaborators have been working on a South Sea story. After much high adventure they have finally imprisoned our heroine in a native hut on stilts. The villain arrived via the rope ladder, and had the girl "in a spot." This phrase means any dangerous or perplexing situation.

The "heavy" is our villain. He personifies the "menace," and a story without menace is valueless. Menace threatens the security of our hero and heroine, and their efforts to surmount menace constitute most movie stories. When our heavy glowers at our heroine through the window, she "takes it big." This is one of the commonest of movie phrases. It expresses physical reaction, chiefly facial, to any sudden or surprising twist in the story.

A "two-shot" is a scene in which two characters appear. Our authors have cut to the boy. They left him under the hut, knocked unconscious by the heavy and bound to one of the supporting stilts. One of the most outlandish phrases in the Hollywood jargon is used to describe the receipt of a knockout blow. A character thus hit "goes into the gauze." Our boy is re-

viving, coming out of the gauze. In breaking his bonds he uproots one of the stilts and climbs up to the window where, to prolong the suspense, he falls heavily or "klunk." For this fall a "stunt man" is "doubled" or substituted. In this case the fall of perhaps 15 feet might injure the hero and cost the company much money in production delay.

Climbing up again, the hero enters the hut, and "socko." This is the quickest way of saying he punches the villain in the jaw. The heavy goes into the gauze but the hut, weakened when the hero pulled out one supporting stilt, is "weaving," *i. e.*, swaying dangerously. The villain recovers consciousness, and "whamo." "Whamo" is the inevitable corollary of socko. It means that the character first hit comes back and returns the blow in kind. The force of the blow throws the hero "bam," against the floor of the swaying hut, and "sonk!" Sonk indicates that the whole hut collapses.

A crazy idiom has arisen in Hollywood to express a crazy art. Like most idiom rooted in an isolated activity, it is abrupt and racy. Like many lingual outlaws, a word of it here and there will eventually settle down to full-fledged dictionary dignity.



Hoover Picks Public-Spirited Men

Condensed from The Review of Reviews (August, '29)

William Hard

PRESIDENT HOOVER has been extraordinarily successful in getting people to take federal governmental jobs in place of better jobs in private life. He has attracted into the federal service a number of eminent private-life experts who are giving to his Administration a high degree of unusual non-political color.

The Undersecretaries of State and of the Treasury, and the Solicitor General, each receive a salary of \$12,000 a year. These three offices are the chief financial prizes on the *Sub-Cabinet* political Christmas tree.

For Undersecretary of the Treasury Mr. Hoover has retained in office Ogden L. Mills, of New York. By universal admission in Washington he is not only thoroughly acquainted with all the details of the fiscal life of the Government but revels in them. He finds in the Treasury Department a chance to be a master in practice of those fiscal problems of which in the House of Representatives he was a master in debate. It seriously is not thought that an abler or more industrious Undersecretary of the Treasury could be found; yet the salary he receives probably would not meet

a quarterly instalment of his income tax.

For Undersecretary of State the President appointed a New York lawyer, Joseph Potter Cotton. There was some opposition to him, in the Senate, because of his clients. Among the very large number of his clients there have been several who have been charged with being "malefactors." The right of the poor malefactor to have a lawyer is admitted. The right of the rich malefactor to have one is yet to be determined. Mr. Cotton began practising law in New York 29 years ago. He has become a director in traction "interests" and in bank "interests," as well as a lawyer for those and other "interests."

But Mr. Cotton, it was found — like Dwight W. Morrow, of J. P. Morgan & Co., and Owen D. Young, of the General Electric Co. — belongs to the new race of wide-open-minded millionaires. He is a "liberal." Emissaries of "liberalism" revealed Mr. Cotton to the Senate in his true character; whereupon he was virtually unanimously confirmed. Twelve years ago, Mr. Hoover made Mr. Cotton one of his principal assist-

ants, during the Great War, in the United States Food Administration.

With two of these \$12,000 Sub-Cabinet plums going to New Yorkers, it might have been well to hand the third to somebody in — say — Oregon. Daringly it was, in fact, given to a third New Yorker, Charles Evans Hughes, Jr., who, further, and similarly, did not financially need it. Mr. Hughes, in body and in mind, has the intensity of his father, slightly intensified. He gives the same impression of unstopplable intellect and of irresistible virtue. The only complaint that is lodged against him is that with his lofty clarity in the office of Solicitor General and with Mr. Mitchell's lofty purity in the office of Attorney-General, the atmosphere of the Department of Justice may be too rarefied and bracing for human breathing.

There are other appointments to the so-called Sub-Cabinet that are of unusual interest. The first is that of Patrick J. Hurley, of Oklahoma, to be Assistant Secretary of War. Driver of a mule in a coal mine before he was 12, cow-puncher before he was 15, captain of cavalry in the Indian Territory before he was 20, possessor of an academic college degree before he was 25, rich rapidly through the practice of law and through an aptitude for realism and real estate, a major and a

colonel in the war against Germany on the Aisne, the Marne, the Meuse-Argonne, and St. Mihiel, commander then of the successful quelling of race riots in the city of Tulsa, seeker of high-hearted adventure, sound and substantial business man, campaigner for Hoover by airplane into the farthest pastures of Oklahoma, "Pat" Hurley is not by any one denied to have the appropriate commercial and psychological qualities for the assistant management of the Department of War.

His opposite number in the Army's rival service is Ernest Lee Jahncke, of Louisiana, Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Jahncke, as an eminent private business man, deals with sand and brick and gravel but he deals with them on docks. Along these docks he also does the repairing of ships, and during the World War he additionally did the building of ships. He is a Commodore of yachtsmen. He seems to be perpetually enjoying the stinging spray. He is much better than a go-getter. He is a go-doer. "Tell it to Jahncke, and it's done." That this business man and sailorman will know how to help to navigate the management of the Navy is unquestioned.

A third business man, Ferry Heath, of Michigan, has become an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. He is by private nature

an insurance manager and a manager of ships on the Great Lakes. He acquired a quasi-public character by being sent in 1919 by Mr. Hoover to administer the distribution of American food in Finland.

Another recruit from private wealth to public service is David S. Ingalls, of Ohio, Assistant Secretary for Aeronautics of the Navy. Ten years ago he flew to fame on the Western Front. He has taken to public service seriously, very much like that other "rich young man," F. Trubee Davison, of New York, who remains with us as Assistant Secretary for Aeronautics in the War Department.

Virtually every man so far mentioned is annually losing many thousands of dollars through succumbing to the solicitations or commands of a President who has, indeed, furnished them the example of the abandonment of the pursuit of wealth for the pursuit of public honors and duties. Their sacrifice is genuinely substantial; and the writers who call this an Administration of rich men should more accurately, and jubilantly, call it an Administration of rich men made poorer.

The truth is that one of the President's principal tests of a prospective nominee for a public job is that he already should have been successful in some private job. This way of thought on his

part has brought it about that he has been obliged to spend a great deal of his time wrenching reluctant private oysters out of their happy and cozy private shells.

It should be remarked, however, that the President has not failed to give frequent recognition to persons already in public political life. His new Assistant Secretary of the Interior is that veteran of politics, Joseph M. Dixon, ex-member of both the House and the Senate, and ex-Governor of Montana. His new First Assistant Postmaster General is that active political figure, Arch Coleman, for many years the thoroughly efficient operator of the Minneapolis postoffice. His Commissioner of Internal Revenue is that honest regular political product, Robert L. Lucas, who had been a perfectly acceptable Internal Revenue Collector for the federal government in Louisville.

These appointments, and other similar ones, are, in this writer's judgment, among the most proper and useful that the President has made. The federal government is sustained by politics. People not in politics do nothing to keep it in being. It is possible to go too far toward taking non-politicians into politics. On the other hand, when the non-politicians have qualities that are vitally needed, and that are not found in the regular political ranks, it is certainly noble to appoint them.

Frederick A. Tilton, of Michigan, long has been one of the great consummate accountants of the United States. He therefore now, under this Administration, is Third Assistant Postmaster General, with the task of teaching better accountancy to an \$800,000,000 business annually at a yearly salary of \$9000. It was a political shock to everybody else and a severe financial shock to him.

Earl D. Church, of Connecticut, was nothing but a sublime expert on the deepest intricacies of actuarial science. He lived in that radiant insurance center, Hartford, affluently, and with no political noise. The President's scientific audiphone, however, detected him. Now he gets \$9000 a year to run that ancient repository of political cobwebs and of vast calculatory problems, the Bureau of Pensions.

Charles J. Rhoads and Joseph H. Scattergood, both of Pennsylvania, are now respectively Commissioner and Assistant Commissioner of the Office of Indian Affairs. The mind falters and faints in considering the non-political merits of these gentlemen. They seem to have done almost nothing but practice good

birth, right Quaker living, quiet industry, high solvency, active philanthropy, and all the other private duties of man their whole lives long. Each of them became distinguished and prosperous in business and then turned naturally to benevolent good works in a dozen or more fields. By a quick twist of the presidential fishing wrist, Mr. Rhoads is now looking after our federal Indians at \$8000 a year and Mr. Scattergood is Assistantly looking after them at \$6500.

[Other Hoover appointees of equal significance, discussed by Mr. Hard, are here omitted through lack of space.]

Experts! And business men dragged from success in private life to service in public life! Those are manifestly the two main categories into which the President's appointments fall.

The high-mindedness of it is clear. The audacity of it is equally clear to the student of political history. Is the President's non-political policy in this matter poor politics? Or will it turn out to be super-politics? The speculation that arises out of these queries is the one that hovers most creditably and most unanswerably at present over the future of his Administration.



Rich Men Turning to Politics

Condensed from The North American Review (August, '29)

Oliver McKee, Jr.

THE late Henry P. Davison, partner in J. P. Morgan & Co. and Titan of finance, had two sons. One wanted a public career. A good and farsighted father, Mr. Davison so arranged his affairs that the son who aspired to public life received from the estate a million or two dollars more than his brother. Mr. Davison knew that if a young man was ambitious to make his star shine in the political firmament, a private income sufficient to cover his household and personal expenses was almost a necessity.

After serving in the New York Assembly for several years F. Trubee Davison became Assistant Secretary of War for Aviation at the age of 30, the head of an Army Service with 1000 officers and 10,000 men under his orders. President Hoover has reappointed him to the post.

In American public life today, William E. Borah of Idaho occupies an eminence both special and unique. He is the Knight-Errent of Politics, an oracle of the Senate, and the leader *par excellence* of unpopular causes. Borah has two reasons for giving praise to Allah. For one thing Idaho is so small and his towering figure gives

this State so much glory and free advertising that he never has to give a thought to mending his political fences at home. No one at home can turn Borah's flank, and the Goliath of Idaho is free therefore to devote all his energies to the national and international arenas. But Borah is fortunate also for another reason. He is not wholly dependent upon politics for his bread and butter. As a young man, he leaned toward a public career. But facing the facts and realities of the America of our day he buckled down instead to the law, made himself one of the leaders of the bar in his home State, and accumulated a small competence of his own. Then, and not till then, did he yield to his first love and turn toward politics. Borah's place in the Senate the past 22 years rests four square on the sure foundations of financial independence and professional eminence.

Herbert Hoover, son of a Quaker blacksmith, had to make his way in the world with no heritage of stocks and bonds. At 35, the young mining engineer had set by a sufficient store of this world's goods to emancipate him the rest of his life from dependence on the

weekly pay check. It was his emancipation from financial worries that left him free, as Food Administrator, head of War Relief organizations, and as Secretary of Commerce, to render so great public service. It was precisely because he had accumulated a comfortable private fortune that he was able to release those special talents that have made him one of the greatest administrators in American political history.

Like his predecessor, Calvin Coolidge, President Hoover has selected rich men as his Cabinet officers. Few members of the President's official family are entirely dependent upon their \$15,000 salary. Andrew Mellon leads the list, a multi-millionaire many times over. He has served in the Cabinets of three Presidents.

For his Secretary of the Navy, President Hoover selected Charles Francis Adams of Boston, direct descendant of two Presidents, for 30 years treasurer of Harvard College, and director or trustee of half-a-hundred corporations or fiduciary institutions. As one of the leading business men and financial leaders in Massachusetts, Mr. Adams has a large enough private fortune to enable him to accept public office without any apprehensions for the future. For his Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Hoover chose

Thomas P. Lamont, one of the best known figures in the Chicago business world. Lamont, too, is a wealthy man, and can well afford now to enter public life.

Secretary of State Stimson was a member of Elihu Root's law firm in New York City and, if not a millionaire, has enough to answer the call to public service. Even James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, is well fixed financially. Coming to this country at the age of eight, Davis became a puddler's assistant at 11. Later, he turned his hand to building up fraternal organizations, and under his personal direction the membership of the Loyal Order of Moose jumped from a few hundred to 600,000.

The Senate is a millionaire's club. Under the direct primary only a man with money can hope, in most States, to finance the pre-nomination campaign. Gifford Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, spent tens of thousands of dollars from his own private fortune in the unsuccessful primary fight in 1926. Perhaps 20 of the 96 Senators could be classed as millionaires. Most of the rest are in comfortable circumstances.

Congressmen of long experience will tell you that probably three out of four of their colleagues in the House of Representatives have a sizeable private income, and they will tell you also that they don't see how a man can

stay in the House without at least \$5000 a year of his own. A term or two in the House has financially wrecked many a man who came to Capitol Hill with an inadequate gold reserve.

If his public career lands a man in Washington, the social life of the Capital, unless he is a hopeless nonconformist, places a heavy burden upon the family exchequer. An Assistant Secretary of Commerce, at \$7500 a year, or a member of the House, at \$10,000 a year, has to live in a respectable part of Washington. Dinners two or three times a week will be the rule during the season. As Chief of the Division of Western Europe, William R. Castle, Jr., now Assistant Secretary of State, was drawing the munificent salary of \$4500 a year. Custom, in social usage stronger than the Constitution, imposed upon him the duty of giving a dinner annually in honor of the heads of each diplomatic mission from Western Europe, 15 to 20 in all. Castle did his duty, but needless to say, \$4500 a year did not measure the full count of his income.

A private income is almost a *sine qua non* for a diplomatic career. Only men of wealth, like Charles G. Dawes, can fill the blue ribbon posts at Paris and London. For either post a pri-

vate income of \$50,000 is almost essential. John W. Davis told a Congressional committee that he had to spend 60 or 70 thousand dollars a year out of his own pocket to represent this country at the Court of St. James's.

A hundred thousand families or so run the British Empire and run it well. Back of them are great traditions, and what is no less important, fortunes built up through generations of saving. A private income is almost taken for granted in British official, Army and Navy circles. The same aristocratic rule extends to other parts of Europe; the reins of government for the most part are in the hands of those with money.

Politics may be the avocation for the rich, but it is hardly a calling that can be recommended to a boy fresh from college, whose only inheritance is a patriotic spirit. Like Borah, his best chance to scale the heights of political eminence is to spend 25 years in building up a small private fortune, and in establishing a professional reputation which he can always capitalize, if the need arises. Then if the lightning strikes, he can feel free to run for the Senate or go as Ambassador to Peru. Until then politics is a luxury he can ill afford.



First Aid for Millionaires

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post (July 20, '29)

Samuel G. Blythe

MEN who know about the distribution of money in this country say we have upwards of 40,000 millionaires. These divide definitely into two classes: The millionaires who recognize their responsibilities to the country from which they have drawn their wealth, and seek to utilize a fair share of that money for the public good, who are in the majority; and the men who utterly fail to comprehend those responsibilities and have no other idea than the use of their money for the gratification and glorification of themselves. It is to this second class that my following considerations apply.

The impulses of this second class are usually identical. A man gets a million dollars — no matter how — or several millions. It means nothing, so far as his personal celebration is concerned, to keep it locked up in stocks and bonds. The accumulation of all this money has been the great achievement of the lives of its possessors, and the only way to have the achievement recognized is to make a flash with the money.

With occasional exceptions,

their procedure is invariable. They mostly do the same things, which may be set down in this usual order:

A. They buy an estate and build a big house on it. "Estate" is a grand word. It connotes money.

B. Immediately they stuff these big houses with expensive pictures, sculptures, tapestries and furniture, mostly antique, because old stuff costs much more than modern.

C. They buy or build private yachts.

D. They buy private railroad cars.

These are the ordinary demonstrations of the rich man who feels the urge to step out and show his millions. What are the resulting satisfactions?

Take the rich man who elaborates an estate for himself; after he gets it, what then? He must have guests. There is the rub. So must the other rich men with estates have guests. The competition is fierce. It requires the hardest and most exhausting work to keep a big estate even passably equipped with guests. It takes lavish and laborious entertainment, squandering of

money for the delectation and regalement of people who condescend to come, and give the impression that they might be at other and better places if they wished.

The servant problem is a constant embarrassment. The costs are prodigious. The worry is continual and the results are nil. The usual house party means bridge, dancing, some outdoor diversions and heavy feeding. That's about all. And usually it requires the drafting of employees, parasites and cut-ups of various sorts to complete the parties. That's a fine prospect for the rich man and his estate, isn't it? And it is an ordinary prospect the country over.

Nothing palls quicker than the maintenance of a big estate in a big-estate way. Still most millionaires, having bought the condemned thing, must continue to act as if they enjoyed it.

Then comes the private yacht. The history of our rich men in this country is a history of a long string of private-yacht buyers, and a succeeding long string of rich men who wished they hadn't. More than anything else, a big private yacht symbolizes money. It reeks with the smell of money. Not the power boat, or the cruiser, or any of the smaller ships that the real sailor men buy for their own enjoyment, but the big yacht, the 200-or-

more footer, that the ultra rich man gets to show that he is rich. The yacht is the ultimate symbol. And you'd be surprised to know how many of our millionaires have succumbed to the swanky lure of the yacht.

If it is difficult to get the right sort of guests to a house party, it is ten times as difficult to get guests and companions for a yacht party that is anything more than a short cruise in still waters or a dinner thrown when the yacht is at anchor. Of course the owner can dragoon his family, possibly, or his relatives, or load up with his employees or people who are beholden to him, or want to be, but the problem of getting a yacht full of congenial guests for a cruise of any length is one that most yacht owners give up in despair after a few trials.

In the first place, the bulk of humanity are poor sailors. They get seasick. In the second place, the captain and owner of a yacht must be the arbiter of everything, and notwithstanding promises of liberty, every person who is a guest on a yacht is at the behest of the man who owns the yacht. All must subscribe to ship procedure. All must go where the owner says. There is no escaping from an uncongenial person. You cannot do anything that the others do not do, and, after an experience or two, a person who

does not enjoy the sea for the sea, no matter what the surroundings, runs and hides whenever a cruise on a private yacht is broached.

A few years ago I was in the office of a big New York Wall Street man. He owned a yacht. While I was there, another wealthy yacht owner came in. Both their yachts were tied up, and neither had taken a cruise for three years. They began to josh each other over the cost of overhead and upkeep, and the conversation finally wound up by these two monetary sailors matching coins to see which one should have absolute control of both yachts for a year and pay for the upkeep of both also. The man I was calling on won. "There," he said to the loser, "now you've got two yachts, and I wish you joy of them."

But if the private-yacht demonstration is a washout, the private railroad car is none too good. It allows privacy in traveling, and luxury, and all that sort of thing, but usually railroads will not haul private cars on their best trains. Also private-car parties are subject to the same disadvantages as to restriction of liberty and lack of escape from uncongeniality that are found on a yacht. I once went on a 10,000-mile private-car trip, and every morning all the guests were handed a typewritten schedule of what the owner intended

to do that day, with the intimation that his guests would do likewise if they cared to please their host. That was a grand trip.

Having blown themselves for their estates and their yachts, these men are faced with society as they can crash it, and amusements as they can find them. They go to Europe on the biggest and most ornate ships, and they do exactly the same things they do at home. They drink and dance and play bridge. They get to Europe and they drink and dance and play bridge. They go on journeys around the world, cream-puff voyages where they drink and dance and play bridge. Wot a life! Wot a life!

Wherever this type of millionaire goes he is condemned to eat rich foods, drink costly liquors, dance and gamble. If he doesn't dance he gambles the more. If he doesn't drink he eats much more than is good for him. The poor devil can wear only one suit of clothes at a time, no matter if he has a hundred made on Fifth Avenue and Saville Row. He can ride in only one automobile at a time, even if he has a dozen gold-plated foreign busses at his disposal. And so the show goes. All in all, it is about as futile as sitting in the window of an exclusive club and thinking you are better than the passers-by because you can sit in that window and they cannot.

From Atoms to Stars

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly (August, '29)

A. Vibert Douglas, Lecturer in Astrophysics at McGill University

THE imagination of the Greeks, leaping the barriers of knowledge, pictured the atom, the ultimate particle of matter, smaller than anything the human eye can see. Almost 300 years ago, the imagination of Pascal saw a vision of what was *within* the atom: "Perhaps a man will think it [the atom] is the limit of littleness in nature. But I will show him a new abyss. Within it he may see an infinity of universes, each with its firmament, its planets, its earth, in the same proportions as in the visible world."

Overdrawn though Pascal's vision is in some respects, yet the last phrase is strikingly prophetic. We know now that atoms are composed of a compact nucleus, about which revolve outer electrons in orbits like the planets. Today the imagination of a Rutherford is leaping the barrier of the complex atomic *nucleus*, to show what lies within. Here we are dealing with the limit of smallness to which the human mind has attained.

But the human mind goes outward to the immensities as well as inward to the atom. To gain some idea of astronomical

distances let us imagine that the Golden Arrow, whose recent record of 231 miles per hour astonished the world, should travel around the earth at the equator, contenting itself with a speed of 200 miles an hour. It would complete the journey in five days. At the same speed it could reach the moon in 50 days. It would arrive at the sun in 53 years. Neptune, the outpost planet of our solar system, would not be reached until 1500 years had elapsed, and then through interstellar space the Golden Arrow would speed on and on for 13,000,000 years ere it would reach a neighboring star. After ninety thousand million years, when it has passed through all the stars of the Milky Way and arrived at the confines of our galaxy, — like a traveler who comes to a border town of his own country, — in a sense the journey has just commenced, the exploration of the universe is about to begin.

No, the Golden Arrow is too slow — let us take a golden sunbeam, the swiftest known messenger, which travels at 186,000 miles per second. A sunbeam comes down to the surface of the

earth, hits a shiny object, and is reflected outward again. At the moment of rebound, vault into the saddle, and away you go to explore the universe. In one and two-third seconds you have passed the moon, in eight and four-tenths minutes the sun is left behind, and after four years the first neighboring star looms large ahead.

One hundred thousand years of journeying thus will bring you to the outermost limits of the Milky Way, the frontiers of our galaxy — and what then? It is then, and then only, as your sunbeam begins its million-year journey across starless space, that your exploration of the universe may be said to have really begun. Looking backward upon our galaxy, you see it as a mighty aggregation of a thousand million stars. Looking around you in all other directions, you see what seems to be a vast void with here and there — incredibly far off — a faint, hazy light. Let your sunbeam carry you toward the brightest of these phantom lights. As the centuries roll by, the great galaxy behind you recedes into the background until it too is merely a faint phantom patch of fuzzy light. More centuries come and go, and the phantom light begins to approach — it is another galaxy of many millions of stars.

Each of the far-away phantom

lights, and there are myriads of them, is a star galaxy. We do not wonder, then, at Richter's dismayed question, "End is there none to the universe of God?"

The human mind roves through the universe exploring its mysteries from inconceivably small things to incomprehensibly vast things. Where is man, as a physical body, in this scale of things between the atom and the star?

Imagine *Astræa*, the goddess of justice, weighing different objects in the universe with her scales. In one pan she places an average man and from a cornucopia she pours individual atoms into the other pan. How many atoms will be required to bring about a just balance? A thousand million million million million! Next she removes the atoms from the pan and in their place she puts one average star. Now the other pan is much too light, and she puts more and yet more men into it until there are ten thousand million million million men, when the balance is reached. Here, then, is man's place in the *avoidsupois* scale of the universe — almost but not quite halfway between atom and star.

Suppose that you stand on the earth and, looking up into the heavens, see the *Andromeda Galaxy*. When you say that you are "seeing" *Andromeda Galaxy*, you are actually seeing it as it

was one million light years ago, not as it is today. Exactly what it is like today will be known on the earth a million years hence.

But curiosity overcomes the circumspection of the watcher and provokes him to ask what that star cluster looks like today. To which question the astronomer makes reply that in all probability it looks very much as it did a million years ago, for in the age of a star a million years is like one second in the life of a man.

The astronomer ponders long and deeply over the nature of the light from the sun and stars. Gradually it has dawned upon him that with the aid of the physicist he can unravel many of the riddles of the stars. What are the stars made of? The physicist produces a table of the distinctive radiations emitted by the different kinds of atoms known on earth. With this help the astronomer deciphers the message of the starlight, and finds that the same elements that build the earth build the sun and all the stars. How hot are the stars? How fast are they moving? Again physics comes forward to show the astronomer how to answer these questions from the starlight.

Astronomy owes an immense debt to physics, but the indebtedness is not entirely one-sided. The astronomer discovered the useful element helium in the

sunlight, and set physicists looking for it on the earth, till they found it. Sometimes astronomy provides the physicist with startling new ideas about matter — properties undreamed of in the laboratory. What physicist ten years ago would have even contemplated matter so compacted together that one cubic inch of it would weigh a ton? Yet today the astronomer points directly to the faint companion star of Sirius and says, "There it clearly is."

The time-keeping of the atoms and the stars shows us another abyss. Anyone can measure the passage of time to one-fifth of a second with a stop watch, the physicist with his oscillograph measures intervals of one millionth of a second, but the movements of the electrons in an atom, measured in hundred millionths of a second or less, transcend our powers of comprehension. At the other extreme is the astronomer's estimate of the age of a star, equally beyond our realization — ten million million years.

It is a solemn thought that no man liveth unto himself. It is equally true that no star, no atom, no electron, no ripple of radiant energy, exists unto itself. The riddles of the stars cannot be solved without invoking the aid of the atom, nor can the atom be comprehended without the aid of the stars.

The Sealing Saga of Newfoundland

Condensed from The National Geographic (July, '29)

Captain Robert A. Bartlett, Famous Newfoundland Sealing Skipper

ON March 7, the port of St. Johns, Newfoundland, is black with men. On that day the sealing fleet sails for the annual hunt. Eight ships, with 2000 picked men, steam down the harbor. Whistles scream God-speed, bells ring out, cannons fire salutes. I have been with the sealing fleet 19 times, and on almost as many Arctic expeditions with Peary and others. Sealing is certainly more dangerous than Arctic exploring.

The best sealing trip I ever made was in the *Bonaventure*, my first steel vessel. The details of it can go for the other sealing trips, too. We started out against a 60-mile wind, taking waves clean over the bridge. In no time the ship was one solid block of ice.

Next day we reached calm water under the weather edge of the ice. For a while we made good progress through leads in the ice, but finally were jammed. We had to resort to all the old tricks — putting out men to break trenches in the ice with axes and dynamite, backing, and charging with our armored prow. And so at last we got through to ice where lay a great patch of seals. Imagine yourself in Central Park

surrounded by thousands of sheep and new-born lambs. This is what it looked like.

I put four crews — 234 men — on the ice. They began killing and panning the seals, knocking them on the heads with a gaff, removing the sculps or pelts, and hauling them to markers. Markers are colored flags, like golf flags, stuck in the ice at each pile of sculps, so that the ship can come to pick them up.

The crews killed some 8000 seals that first afternoon — all young ones, because the “white-coats” are the sealer’s first choice. For three full days the work went on from daylight to dark. On the fourth day a furious gale sprang up, with blinding snow and freezing weather, and only by the greatest labor did we salvage 26,000 of the pelts scattered on the ice pans. But that was the biggest catch, except one last year, ever brought in from the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Sealing is a hard life. Men on board a sealer are jammed like sardines. Going out, every available bit of space is filled with coal, ice-fighting equipment, sealers’ chests and gear. If we get a quick “pick-up,” many of the men are

"burned out" by a big cargo of skins, which takes up their bunk space, and they've got to double up in already crowded quarters. There is some relief in the watches, when one man is out and another can use his berth.

A sealing ship carries provisions for two months and a half — potatoes, codfish, flour, meat, tea, and molasses to sweeten the tea, turnips and beans. Could some of the old sealing crews take a look at these provisions, they'd think the business was ruined by luxurious living. They had nothing but hard biscuit and tea, pork and duff, with little grease in the duff. No soft bread whatever.

On ship we have what we call Solomon Goss's birthday. He has a birthday three times a week. On these days for the noon meal we get duff. For duff, flour (a barrel to a batch) is stirred with water, currants, and molasses. With a blade like a canoe paddle, the cook mixes it into a paste and adds fat from boiled pork as shortening. The dough is then packed into small canvas bags and boiled for two or three hours. Pork is boiled alongside the duff, and when duff and pork are ready the cook calls the roll and hands it out.

On Sunday morning the crew gets "brose" — boiled bread and codfish with pork gravy spread over it. Butter, fresh beef, salt fish, potatoes, and turnips are

whacked out to the men at different times and they prepare meals for themselves except on Solomon Goss's birthdays. When we get among young seals we boil or fry the seal meat. With onions and butter, I like it better than porterhouse steak; and in the North it prevents scurvy.

Each man leaving the ship has on his back a "nunny" bag, in which he carries an orange or two to quench his thirst, some raw oatmeal mixed with sugar, a few hard biscuits, and a piece of seal or pork. This is his grub for a day on the ice.

A sealer must be quick and careful in his work. Every hole in a skin costs a man ten cents. A skillful worker can skin a seal in a minute, and a man who can kill, skin, and pan — that is, haul the pelts to a marker — 120 in a day is a good hand.

One of the hardships of sealing is ice or snow blindness. Although all men carry goggles, and are lectured and threatened with punishment if they don't wear them, they are often careless. They raise their glasses, perhaps, to wipe the sweat out of their eyes and forget to pull them down again. Then, before they realize their danger, they are blind. I don't know of any worse sensation. It is like having sand thrown in the eyeballs. Water runs out of the eyes. With a good dose of it, men have almost become insane.

Then, again, there is the danger of falling into the water when a long distance from the ship. Here is a sealer who has slipped into the water. He has "gone down till his cap floated" and he is soaking wet. His "buddy" has fished him out with a gaff. A gale of wind is blowing — freezing weather and no shelter. But he has to get those wet clothes off or have them freeze on him as stiff as the pillar of Lot's wife. The two seek the biggest pinnacle of ice, and in the lee of it the wet man strips off his clothes. His buddy lends him all the clothes he can spare, while they wring out the wet ones. Then he must haul the clothes back on — an awful task.

The chance of losing his men on the ice in a fog or blizzard is a worry that always besets a captain. It must be remembered that this work goes on at the worst time of year, when gales of wind and snow are the usual thing. Every morning a skipper must decide whether to put his men on the ice or not, and the decision is often fraught with anxiety. In 1914 the steamship *Newfoundland* put its men ashore just before a terrific blizzard. When the weather cleared next day, 77 men had been lost, frozen while they attempted to get back to the ship. On another trip the *Greenland* lost 48 men during a storm. Often, too,

in a storm, the ship itself gets "nipped" in the ice and is sunk. Of 57 famous sealing steamers, 29 have been lost.

What do the men get out of all this hard work? The vessel may make a quick pick-up and be through in a few days; again, vessels have been out two months and returned without a seal. The only guarantee a sealer gets is food and a "crop note," an advance of \$9. One-third of the net earnings is divided among the crew. Shares have run as high as \$238, but the average is about \$60.

When the skins reach St. Johns, the valuable fat is scraped from them and reduced to a fluid state. Later this oil is used in the American soap industry. The skins themselves are tanned and used for various leather goods. The skins of this kind of seal are not used as furs.

The next time you enter a leather-goods store to buy a pinseal pocketbook, hold the article in your hands and think of this story. Think of the seals tossing on the ice pans of the Newfoundland coast in hurricane weather. Think of the hardy men who risk their lives walking on the ocean to take the pelts. Think of the strong Newfoundland vessels that bring them home to supply the world with pinseal novelties and purses for its valuables.

Bear Oil

Condensed from The New Republic (July 31, '29)

F. J. Schlink, formerly Technical Assistant to the Director of the Bureau of Standards

"**B**EAR OIL," says the house organ of a great advertising agency, "is the priceless ingredient in some advertising campaigns." The story is that an old medicine-show man, who traveled with Indian Swampweed Bitters, found his sales dropping off, due, it seemed, to the recent journeying of another medicine man through the same countryside. From that time the second apostle of health explained that the Swampweed Bitters of his rival, though genuine, contained none of the precious ingredient, Bear Oil, used in his own incomparable panacea.

"Fellows," said a copy chief to his staff, according to the above journal, "we have a new toothpaste account. There's not a damn thing about it that makes it different, or better than any other. Forhan's has beaten us to it with their 'four out of five,' and Pepsodent has invented the yellow film. Now, we've got to take this product and find the 'Bear Oil' in it!"

This ingredient, in short, is a highly necessary addition when the product has nothing to distinguish it from its rivals; or when

the old sales appeal begins to lose effectiveness.

"You don't have to go to Maine to enjoy BEAN HOLE BEANS—you can have them now with that 'baked in the ground' flavor—'with the fragrance of pine forests and a seasoning of wood smoke in it.'" So says the advertisement.

This product of Van Camp's is not baked in the ground, nor baked at all, according to information recently given to the Better Business Bureau. Yet the picture in the advertisement shows a cabin nestling among the pines, and in the foreground a great buried bean-pot, smoking hot.

In the drug profession two commonplace oils, refined white mineral oil, and castor oil, have been transformed into hundreds of fantastic liquids, potions, and unguents, and equally fantastic word structures exploit them.

"Have you recently analyzed your advertising formula? Perhaps you can add a little Bear Oil. Surely," says the expert previously quoted, "any bright person can point out the Bear Oil content in a host of products."

Marmola, that classic fat re-

ducer, which was first exposed by the American Medical Association, uses the pure scientific grade of Bear Oil in its advertising:

1928 Belles are not fat — This great change [to modern slender styles] started when science discovered the chief cause of obesity — This factor was embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for over 20 years — millions of boxes of them. That is one great reason for the slender figures you see everywhere today — Simply take four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal.

Have you some troublesome ailment? Then, no doubt, you need Campbell's Infra-Red Ray Lamp. Such a lamp gives off scientific-sounding infra-red rays, which are nothing more than the familiar warming rays given off by an electric lamp bulb, a steam radiator, or even a plate of soup. "Entirely unlike ultra-violet or X-Ray. Positively cannot burn or blister." This is like saying: Duck eggs: entirely unlike chocolate eclairs or dynamite cartridges. Cannot irritate your stomach, nor explode and cripple bystanders.

All perfectly true; but plainly irrelevant to the question of eggs as food.

"Sometimes," says our author, "it is not until the buyer's imagination is stirred by the glitter of Bear Oil, that he wakes up to his genuine need of a genuinely meritorious article . . .

"In the old days, Listerine was

just a mouth wash. Then the era of halitosis dawned upon the advertising world, and Listerine took its seat among the gods of the Bigger Sales Volume . . . Another example is the promotion of yeast from the bakery to the medicine chest."

Or typewriters from mere writing machines to an inspiration for the life of the mind. Cadet Cagle, star halfback at West Point, tells us: "I wouldn't be without my Royal Portable. It's the greatest aid in keeping up my grades — and you know army grades." According to an informant of F. P. A. in *The New York World*, Cadet Cagle's standing for the past year, in a class of 266 men, was 237th.

If you are looking for razor blades, you may see an advertisement which reads: "Each is equipped with blades of the keenest edge — Gem Double Life Blades." Another reads: "Ever-Ready Radio blades possess the keenest cutting edge known to the science of Metallurgy." Both blades are made by the same firm in the same way, and are identical except for name and wrapper.

All of which merely goes to show that the public is willing to pay the advertisers millions of dollars a year to be told that Tweedledum and Tweedledee are each infinitely to be preferred to the other.

How Mussolini Works His Plan

Condensed from the World's Work (August, '29)

Alfred Pearce Dennis, formerly Commercial Attaché, American Embassy at Rome

ONE'S general impression of Italy in the black years of 1919-1921 was slackness—endless, tantalizing, heartbreaking slackness. Tens of thousands of soldiers still in uniform turned their hands to no useful account. Five husky laborers on the railroads did the work of two. The country swarmed with beggars. Chaos, disorder, poverty reigned supreme. Lack of coal, lack of bread, worst of all lack of discipline. Then came Mussolini.

"Men," he said, "are perhaps tired of liberty. They have had enough of it."

The Italians want *things*. Forty-two million human beings are pent up within a narrow peninsula no greater than the state of California. Mouths to be fed, bodies to be clothed.

The Italians are a poor folk set down in a land destitute of the prerequisites of modern industrialism. Italy produces no raw cotton, petroleum, or copper. Her iron resources are strictly limited. Her scanty forests have been cut to pieces. The country is without navigable rivers. The adjacent seas are but meagerly stocked with fish. Not a pound of good

steam coal has ever been discovered in the kingdom. Italy is the least self-contained of all the great industrial countries of the world.

Considering her slender resources, Italy suffered intolerably in the war. She lost fully half a million men. She spent, out of her poverty, half as much as the United States spent in direct war expenditures. The cost of living represented by the figure 100 at the beginning of the war rose to 348 at the end of the war.

Can the basic facts of a nation's economic life be altered artificially by government decree? They can, says Mussolini, by mobilizing the country for peace just as it is mobilized for war. And he has created such a mobilized state. It has been no small task to ask 42,000,000 people to surrender their right to talk as they please, to write as they please, to vote as they please.

On the ruins of democracy Mussolini has built his guild state. He finds no fault with democracy where it can be worked. It won't work in Italy, that's all. In place of a government by the people he has set up

a board of directors corresponding to the General Staff of an army, with himself at the head.

It is one thing to destroy existing institutions and quite another thing to construct something better. An idea of how the new plan has worked may be conveyed by a series of little pictures:

Italy, brought to the verge of bankruptcy by the war, is now on the credit side of the ledger, with a comfortable balance of income over outgo.

The national currency, which had crashed, has been stabilized.

Mussolini has called upon the falling water to redress nature's parsimony in denying coal to the country. Italy's investment in hydroelectric power has risen by 400 percent.

Unemployment in the country has been reduced to less than one percent.

Strikes are unknown; labor organizations having been built into the state, strikers are promptly jailed.

The Italian merchant marine has been restored to more than prewar strength.

Italy's vast strides in industrialism are rapidly transforming the country from a purely agricultural to a manufacturing state.

So much for tangibles. But are the people of Italy happier under the Fascist régime? Mussolini assures us that they are.

"After an absence of five years

from Italy," he observed, "you note, on returning, evidences of increased happiness and well-being. Return to Italy five years from now, and you will observe even greater changes on the side of human happiness. Even the expressions on the faces of our people will have changed for the better."

The "white collar" class has probably benefited less than any other from the new dispensation. Jobs have diminished, applicants have increased. Before the war there were two applicants for every white-collar job. Now there are four. The shabby-genteel class, clerks, bookkeepers, human cash registers, continues to exist on what we would consider starvation wages. Even the top men in this class, such as bank cashiers, responsible for every *soldo* that passes through their hands, average no better than \$50 a month.

Mussolini is up against two of our own toughest domestic problems — farm relief and liquor control.

The Italian agrarian problem may be elucidated in terms of wheat. Italians must depend for more than one-third of their daily bread upon foreign sources. Mussolini would like to do several things at once: Raise the birth rate, increase the wheat harvest, reevaluate the lire, reduce the cost of living. But you can't ask

for more children, more bread, dearer money, and cheaper commodities all at the same time. Mussolini's "battle of the wheat" has managed to raise the output from 170,000,000 bushels in 1924 to 229,000,000 bushels in 1928, but the thing was not accomplished without raising prices.

In regard to liquor control, Mussolini contributes the first novel and piquant suggestion that I have heard. The Italians are immoderate drinkers of wine. More than half the vineyard acreage of all Europe is found in Italy, and yet Italy imports some 27,000,000 gallons of wine annually.

"I am personally dry," Mussolini said, "in a country overwhelmingly wet. Our people drink too much. Our national consumption of wine approximates 100 liters (26 gallons) per capita, but as the women and children drink little, this means more than 200 liters for the men. Heavy drinking in Italy is associated with the common saloon, where no food is served with drink. We are cursed with these low-class saloons, and I intend to do away with them—but gradually. When a complaint is made about a particular saloon I close it, and from my edict there is no appeal. I have closed 27,000 saloons in five years; give

me time, and I will close them all. I am fortunately not compelled to solicit the approval of either the saloon keeper or his clients. All that belongs to the dark ages of democracy from which we have now happily emerged."

Characteristic American comment on the Fascist régime runs about as follows:

First, "Mussolini has done a whale of a lot for Italy, but he's pulled some rough stuff which we Americans wouldn't stand for a minute."

Second, "Mussolini has done great things, but suppose some wild-eyed chap puts a bullet through him—what then? Won't his régime go down like a house of cards?"

The Fascist government, according to Mussolini, is a great machine that, having been set up, is now capable of being run by leaders bred to the task. Many intelligent Italians with whom I talked believe that Mussolini could retire without vital shock to the structure.

The American view that we would not tolerate Mussolini's strong-arm methods in this country, however, is correct. We accept democracy as the final word in government. And popular government in Italy is dead.



Wall Street Marries Broadway

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine (August, '29)

Thomas McKnight

IT used to be said that a good showman was not a good business man, and vice versa. Wall Street bankers have always doubted the latter half of the theory, and with itching palms have watched the vast field of popular entertainment, dominated by showmen, hopelessly, as they thought, mismanaged. Then came talking-pictures, and immediately Wall Street leaped into the breach.

Let us review the situation. When the motion-picture was in its infancy and radio had never been heard of, vaudeville dominated the popular entertainment field. Chains of vaudeville theaters were operated over the country, and producers waxed fat. But with the advent of moving-pictures, vaudeville magnates found that their business was being seriously cut into. Eventually, they were forced to incorporate a motion-picture as part of their programs. Before long each vaudeville circuit was affiliated with one or more film-producing units.

This left some of the picture companies out in the cold, with no theaters save a few independents available for their prod-

ucts. So they built competing theaters — big ones, with thousands of seats. The vaudeville circuits retaliated by buying up the independent theaters, and building more new ones. Soon many smaller towns had more theater seats than they had population to sit in them. Receipts fell off alarmingly.

At this crucial moment the Warner Brothers brought forth the Vitaphone. Other picture concerns madly developed talking-picture paraphernalia. Here, at last, was the entertainment that would supplant the movies, the speaking stage, the radio, the phonograph, or what have you!

The bankers, who had watched millions of dollars roll into the pockets of the showmen who had had faith in the motion-picture industry, weren't going to be caught napping a second time. Thus, when the picture concerns, together with the electrical companies which manufactured the equipment, went looking for financial backing to put the new product on the market, they were not disappointed. They found plenty of backing. But with the backing went supervision.

They made elaborate arrangements for producing the talking product. Then they found they had no outlet for it. No theater could play talking-pictures until expensive equipment was installed, and the theater owners were skeptical.

"That's easy," said the bankers. "We'll fix that." And then the mergers started. When the dust of battle cleared away, the Radio Corporation owned the Keith-Albee-Orpheum circuit, Fox found himself possessor of the Loew circuit (which includes Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), and the Warner Brothers emerged with the smaller chain of Stanley houses. It is rumored that one film company is after the Shubert holdings — which include most of the theaters on Broadway as well as many in other cities. Consummation of this deal would be a body blow to the legitimate stage.

There is no reason to suppose that these business men will stop until all the theaters in the country are under the control of one or two groups. That is certainly the trend today, under Wall Street management, for mergers mean lowered operating costs and more efficient distribution.

But can business principles be applied to the show business? Quantity production lowers the cost, but it also lowers the

quality, for the simple reason that you can't create talent. There is only so much talent — acting and writing — available, and the quality of that talent does not vary. For example, when there were comparatively few vaudeville circuits, the average standard of each act was high. Today the reverse is true. It is impossible to find enough good acts to fill several thousand theaters. The bigger the chain the more difficult it is to find just the right entertainment, because with the same product you must appeal to people of every race, creed, and degree of intelligence.

There is one solution, however, that will occur to the business man: let an advertiser put on his show. And the chances are that the advertiser will put on a better show than he can. He'll have to. Consider the radio. Practically every entertainment broadcast is "through the courtesy of this or that company." Not only this, but dramatic playlets are actually written and performed to sell products.

The song-writing business has "gone advertising" almost completely. Every song you hear nowadays is a theme song for one motion-picture or another. The theme song has already invaded business — witness the Maxwell House Coffee theme song and the Prophylactic Tooth Brush ditty, to mention only two.

A book publisher has had a theme song written to exploit a new novel.

Advertising is beginning to appear even in the theaters. Recently the most dignified vaudeville circuit produced a "Fur Fashion Revue," which played in the theaters around New York. The act, which ran for about an hour, was financed by the New York Retail Fur Dealers Association, and carried plenty of advertising material. The astonishing thing about it was that it was a far more entertaining act than many that have no advertising appeal.

Theaters all over the country are suffering from a slump in patronage. People don't go to the theaters any more. Quantity production of entertainment has developed a new low level of quality which is slowly curing the steady, reliable, respectable public that used to be the backbone of the theaters, of the habit of going into the theaters at all. The vast majority of those who do attend the popular-priced houses don't really go there to be entertained. They go to hold hands, or because the theater has a cooling system, or to get out of the rain — any number of

reasons, none particularly strong.

For a time, talking-pictures were apparently going to do the trick. But as the novelty wears off, the same principles of mediocrity will place most of these vocal efforts on a plane even lower than that occupied by their silent predecessors, because it takes a greater amount of ability to write, produce, and perform in a talking-picture; that ability is, correspondingly, harder to find in quantity.

If, in five years, all the entertainment facilities in the country — the theaters, picture producers, song publishing firms, and the radio and phonograph companies — are in the hands of one group (and the evidence points to this being the case), you can expect new levels of absolute monotony and mediocrity in the entertainment offered. It is inevitable, because good, intelligent entertainment cannot be manufactured wholesale.

And when this happens, the business-man-theater-operator is going to have his hands full. But by this time the wise business-man-theater-operator will probably have sold out to the general public, which will, as usual, be left holding the bag.



Americana

Excerpts from The American Mercury

CALIFORNIA: Cultural note from marvelous Hollywood in the celebrated Los Angeles *Evening Herald*:

Sid Grauman started a rather cumbersome fad with his footprints of famous people in the forecourt of his Chinese Theatre in Hollywood. So distant a city as Melbourne, Australia, has taken up the fad, with the result that Paramount has just shipped four cubes of cement, weighing 450 pounds each and bearing the hand-prints, footprints and signatures of Clara Bow, Buddy Rogers, Adolphe Menjou and Esther Ralston. These perpetual reminders of our Hollywood favorites will be installed in the entrance court of a Melbourne theatre.

METEOROLOGICAL news in the Los Angeles *Express*:

There is some possibility of showers tonight, according to Col. H. B. Hersey, government meteorologist, although it is probable there will be no rain.

LOS ANGELES makes another imperishable gift to American culture:

LOVE ONLY ME!

New Magic Perfume Creation! All the Rage in Hollywood!

Let LOVE ONLY ME help bring you success in Love and Social Affairs. Let LOVE ONLY ME help you win and hold the affection of your sweetheart. LOVE ONLY ME is an enchanting, mystic, powerful aroma, designed to captivate all who come within its circle. Old and young, rich and poor, surrender to its charm and magic. Our DOUBLE STRENGTH \$3 size, which will last many months, *Specially Reduced to Only*.....\$1.00

PRINCESS CO.,
1266 Crenshaw Blvd.

GEORGIA: Literary exercises in the rising town of Baxley, as

reported by the Jacksonville, Fla., *Times-Union*:

The A. H. Moon Literary Society of the Baxley High School assembled Friday and the following program was rendered: Debate, "Resolved, that the hydrant is more beneficial than the pump."

POLITICAL announcement in the eminent Augusta *Chronicle*:

Vote for

JOHN B. CHAVOUS, JR.

For City Council — 5th Ward

I KNOW I'M NOT MUCH
BUT WHY VOTE FOR LESS?

THE science of penology in Atlanta, as revealed by two news items in the same issue of the eminent *Constitution*:

A plea of guilty to an indictment charging embezzlement of \$55,459 from the estate of the late Woodson H. Hudson brought George H. Gilson, attorney, a term of from two and a half to four years at the State prison farm.

Theft of a purse containing 15 cents cost Albert Bussey a heavy toll when he pleaded guilty before Judge V. B. Moore to a charge of robbing Ora Bell Hasty. Judge Moore sentenced Bussey to serve from five to seven years.

ADDITIONAL proof that the only hope of this country is its Youth, gathered from the illustrious Atlanta *Journal*:

QUEENS COLLEGE

The Pi Delta Literary Society held its regular meeting Saturday evening at 7 o'clock. The first number was a debate, "Resolved, That it is easier to make love in a Ford than in a buggy."

ILLINOIS: Scientific announcement circulated in Chicago:

Be lucky. Drive the Evil Spirits from your Home. Kill the jinks for good. Our Lucky VAN VAN Oil and Lucky Salts are used by many for good luck in their home and in winning in love, games and everything. Why not you? The fragrant odor of Van Van Oil and the drawing power of the Lucky Salts will delight you. When used according to our Secret Directions they are believed to yield a mysterious and powerful influence, bringing Good Luck to the user in everything. GET YOURS TODAY.

J. C. STEVENS CO.,
4212 Milwaukee Ave.

INDIANA: The United Press discovers a new champion in the grand old town of Warsaw:

Clarence Tillman, 17, local high school student, put 40 sticks of chewing gum in his mouth at one time, sang "Home, Sweet Home," and between verses of the song, drank a gallon of milk.

IOWA: Moral bill recently introduced in the State Legislature:

Judiciary No. 1. Senate File No. 384
A BILL FOR

An Act prohibiting the use of booths, partitions and separations for patrons of eating places, restaurants and refreshment places, and providing a penalty for violation.

KANSAS: Spiritual gossip from the celebrated Atchison *Globe*:

An Atchison man, who is very religious and also very businesslike, starts his prayers in this manner: "This is Jones speaking."

THE Altoona *Tribune* makes an announcement to its readers:

Ten cents straight will be charged for all obituary notices to all business men who do not advertise while living. Delinquent subscribers will be charged 15 cents per line for an obituary notice. Advertisers and cash subscribers will receive as good a send-off as we are capable of writing, without any charge whatever. Better send in your sub-

scription, as the hog cholera is abroad in the land.

LOUISIANA: The discovery of a new danger to morality in Baton Rouge, as reported by the *Kansas City Journal Post*:

Artificial legs displayed in show windows are a menace to public morality. That was the assertion made here today by Mrs. J. D. Grudger, prominent club woman of Baton Rouge, La., who is visiting here. Mrs. Grudger said that on a recent trip to New Orleans she saw some artificial legs in a show window, purchased them and then burned them.

MISSOURI: Public notice in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*:

Highwaymen — Holdup men, please note: This is to notify you that I do not carry on my person the receipts of my various theaters. They are locked in time lock safes and taken to the bank in an armored car. I am tired of being held up.

(Signed) Fred Wehrenberg

UNITED PRESS dispatch from the great city of St. Louis:

Billy Sunday, the evangelist, wants his hide made into a drum, "to annoy the Devil after I'm dead."

"When I die," he told a revival meeting here, "I want my wife to send for a tanner and have me skinned."

"Then I want drums made of my old hide and I want men to go out on the streets of this country pounding those drums."

"I want my wife to tell everyone:

"Billy Sunday still lives to give the Devil the best run he can for his money."

NEBRASKA: United Press dispatch from the town of Winside:

Miss Ella Durham, a school teacher living here, is suffering from a dislocated arm — the result of playing bridge. She was dealt an unusual hand. In expressing her surprise and pleasure, she waved her arms in the air and clapped her hands so vigorously that her right arm was dislocated.

THE social life of the pedagogues of this great commonwealth, as disclosed by the *Nebraska Educational Journal*:

Coach Thomas and Mr. Edgar Lightbody of the Broken Bow High School staged a watermelon feed for the faculty not long ago. The affair was unique in that the guests were weighed-in and weighed-out. The guest showing the largest net gain for the evening was given a big melon as a prize.

NEW HAMPSHIRE: Educational news from Durham, seat of the State University, as released to the nation by the International News Service:

What is believed to be the first rolling pin throwing contest ever held in the East was to be staged today under the auspices of the University of New Hampshire in connection with the farm and home week celebration. The target of the rolling pins is a life-size dummy of a husband and the contestants are thirty women trained by Miss Ann Beggs of the home economics department of the university.

NEW JERSEY: The perils a prospective husband of Jersey City is willing to undergo, as related by a newsdispatch from that town:

Married in a lion's cage, Ernest P. Gervais, chauffeur, and his bride are on their honeymoon with a substantial gift of cash and furniture. The Lions Club arranged matters. A trainer kept sharp watch on three lionesses, but they sat perfectly still.

NEW YORK: The progress of refinement in Marvelous Manhattan, as reported by the eminent *World*:

Late workers in Wall Street, accustomed to the quiet gloom of Trinity Churchyard, have been startled since New Year's by powerful floodlights which illuminate the yard, throwing into bright relief the graves that have been there so long. The lights, it was learned yesterday, have been placed as

a memorial at the bottom of the 39-foot crucifix of white marble which was erected to the memory of Mrs. William Astor by her daughter, Mrs. H. Orme Wilson. The glare from the four electric fixtures has brightened the old cemetery until it has assumed quite a cheerful air.

ÆSTHETIC note from the eminent *World*:

Displayed at an auction yesterday was a finely woven Persian rug representing a scene from the comic strip of George McManus's "Bringing Up Father," the property of the late John M. Phillips, Queens sewer-pipe king. One of the best of Persian rug craftsmen was employed to make it, and reports have it that Phillips paid \$4000 for it.

OHIO: Final proof that the war is over, from the *Journal of Commerce*:

B. E. Babcock of Phelps, N. Y., presided as some seventy-five sauerkraut barons from four States gathered at Toledo last Friday for the semi-annual meeting of the National Kraut Packers' Association. Behind closed doors in a hotel the kraut men heard reports of the success of the campaign to make *America kraut-conscious*.

OREGON: Want ad in the Hood River *Oregon News*:

WANTED — Reliable orchard man for steady job. Don't have more than two children if you can help it. A. J. Grow, Phone 4073.

PENNSYLVANIA: Public notice in the Uniontown *Herald*:

As the late John H. Antrim, by his will probated Dec. 11, 1928, completely ignored his namesake, I hereby publish, for all to read, that my name henceforth is Fitzgerald A. Antrim, of Phila., Pa., instead of John H. Antrim, Jr. — *Adv.*

FESTAL day in Pillow Gap:

Saturday evening the comfort station in Pillow Gap will be opened for business by Preston Troutman. The Pillow Band will give a concert.

(Continued on page 477)

Reindeer as a Source of Food

Condensed from the Scientific American (August, '29)

Carl J. Lomen

APATERNAL act performed by our government, of introducing the domesticated reindeer into Alaska to improve the living conditions of its wards, the Eskimos, unexpectedly opened a new field for the American stock raiser. It extended the grazing limits of the United States far to the north, adding some 350,000 square miles to the pasturages of our country.

America owes its reindeer to Dr. Sheldon Jackson, United States general agent of education in Alaska. Dr. Jackson made a cruise in northern waters in 1890, and found the Siberian native peoples on the west shores of the Bering Sea independent, due to their herds of domesticated reindeer, while across the waters on the American side the Eskimos were eking out a precarious existence and annually facing starvation, due to their dependence on fishing.

Returning to Washington, Dr. Jackson made an appeal to the public for funds and collected \$2146. With this were purchased 16 reindeer in 1891 and 171 in 1892. The latter constituted the first of the "mother stock" of the vast herds of today, though later

importations brought the total imported up to 1280 animals.

The reindeer found in Alaska a good climate, and abundance of forage and pasture. They multiplied rapidly. By 1905 the natural increase had brought the number to 10,000. There were 70,000 in 1915, 200,000 in 1920, and by July, 1929, there were more than 1,000,000. In addition to this number, more than 300,000 have been used for food and clothing.

It was one thing to bring reindeer to Alaska, but it was quite another problem to train the nomadic hunter of the north in the art of animal husbandry. To make a herdsman of the hunter is a difficult task.

Through the Bureau of Education an apprenticeship system was established. Intelligent young Eskimos were selected and placed with the herds. A number of Laps, with their families, were brought over from Norway to teach reindeer husbandry. Four years was the period of apprenticeship and payment for services was made in reindeer and supplies. At the expiration of the four-year period the apprentice owned in his own right a small herd of reindeer and moved on to his own range, but

still subject to Bureau regulations. The new owner must in turn employ Eskimo apprentices and distribute reindeer to them, as partial payment, thus becoming an additional factor in the extension of the enterprise. To safeguard the industry for the Eskimos, the regulations forbade the disposal of female reindeer to others than Eskimos.

Illustrative of the rapid growth of reindeer under good management, the following concrete example is given:

In 1901, the Government loaned to Alfred Nilima, a Lap, 24 male and 75 female reindeer. In 1906 Nilima returned 99 animals, keeping the increase. In 1908 he divided his herd of 800 with his Eskimo wife, keeping 400 for himself. As the herd grew, Nilima employed other Laps as herders, paying them, in part, with reindeer. In 1914 he sold his herd, which then numbered 1200. In 1917 his former herders sold 1717 and an additional 1606 in 1921. All this from the natural increase of 99 reindeer.

It is estimated, indeed, that with careful handling a reindeer herd should double in number every three years. This rate of increase is due largely to the hardihood of the fawns.

Today Alaska is dotted with reindeer herds reaching from the northernmost parts to the Pacific Ocean and from the Bering Sea

coast to the interior along the belt traversed by the Alaska Railroad.

A million reindeer! That means there are already 20 reindeer for every person in the territory of Alaska. And the herds are increasing at the rate of 39 percent per year. With her grazing area, Alaska can permanently support more than 5,000,000 reindeer.

The vast herds are therefore no longer maintained for the sole benefit of the natives, but are looked upon as a means of producing millions of pounds of meat to augment the declining meat production of the United States and to contribute largely to the productive wealth of its northern treasure chest. In 1914 the government encouraged white citizens to enter the industry, and a company was organized at Nome, Alaska.

The whites saw the necessity of improvements — shelters on the ranges for the herders, improved corrals, modern abattoirs, ammonia cold-storage plants, and refrigerator ships for exporting the meat. They also were interested in improving the animals and, in coöperation with the Biological Survey, began to improve the herds by cross-breeding with the American caribou. As a result of the latter experiment it is already found that the half breed fawn is heavier, at birth, than the full-blood reindeer or caribou

fawn. Care must be exercised in this work to prevent breeding into the reindeer too much of the migratory instinct so highly developed in the caribou.

The reindeer differs from the ordinary deer in that both the male and the female have antlers, which are shed annually. Reindeer are gregarious. They flock together like sheep, but graze like cattle. In intelligence and activity they more nearly resemble the horse, being more intelligent than cattle. In spite of the dangerous appearance their large antlers give them, they are the most docile of domesticated animals, and, except during the mating season — September and October — little children might safely play in a corral containing thousands of reindeer.

One of Lapland's philosophers is Johan Turi, author and sage. Writing of the reindeer he says:

"The reindeer was created before man, and man was created simply to look after them and follow them wherever they go and support himself by them. Man assumes that he is looking after the reindeer, whereas the reindeer probably thinks he is looking after man."

The reindeer pastures during

the summer on tender grass, sedge, willow buds, mushrooms, and blueberries. During the winter it subsists entirely upon the lichens (reindeer moss). It is the most particular of all domestic animals in the selection of its food, and is particularly free from diseases. A Federal Government circular letter says:

"Reindeer are not included in the federal meat inspection act. No contagious disease has ever been encountered in the reindeer herds and no reason has appeared why the sale or use of reindeer meat should require federal, state or municipal inspection for the detection of disease."

This new industry is of national importance. The cattle supply of the United States is not equal to the demand. Meat is now being imported. This condition will gradually become more serious.

The reindeer is the only domesticated animal which can feed itself in the great pastures of the far north, and which can live the year round without shelter. The American people may well be proud of the reindeer industry. It is Alaska's most original contribution to the commerce of the world and is likely to remain one of her greatest.



Laid Off at Forty

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (August, '29)

Stuart Chase

A WORKMAN enters a New Haven barber shop. His suit is newly pressed; his hair is a little grizzled at the sides, but he moves briskly to the chair. "Shoot the works, George," he says. "Haircut, shave, shampoo, massage, violet light, and George, just touch up this gray hair a little." The barber sets to work, and an hour later the man leaves the chair, squares his shoulders, and heads for the door. As he goes, George shakes his head. "He'll never fool that personnel manager over at the National Brass Industries," he remarks. "He'll lie about his age, but he won't get by. The poor devil has been out of work for God knows how long. Good machinist too."

Mr. Davis, Secretary of Labor, tells us that when he was working in the steel mills the dead line was 50. When a man reached that age he was given, if he was lucky, a gold watch, a set of resolutions, and a discharge. He was too old for the strenuous work of the steel mills. In those days there was no age dead line in the lighter industries. But today, he says, the dead line is spreading through executive offices and the clerical trades as well as in the mill and

the shop. The limit furthermore is creeping downward — from 50 to 45 to 40, and even lower. No one who draws a salary can treat the situation cavalierly. With mergers daily cracking about us like sky bombs, who is sure that his job is not one of the overhead costs which the merger will eliminate?

Authoritative investigations seem to point to the fact that, in manufacturing establishments throughout the country, the overwhelming majority of employees are subject to arbitrary age discrimination. The reasons given for such limitations in one important investigation were as follows:

1. Poor physical condition.
2. Pension plans already in operation.
3. The slowing up of worker with age.
4. The liability to greater injury on the part of the older worker.
5. Group insurance plans.

Unemployment, of course, is no new phenomenon. But this situation is entirely new. Never until the last few years, and in no country save America, have age limits been set up — written or unwritten — in quantity lots; never have older men, often skilled and competent, had so much trouble in finding new work.

Why has this cancer fastened upon our prosperity?

It has come about, and strangely enough, from an excess of philanthropy. The first group insurance policy was written in 1913. It provided that the lives of an unnamed body of workers would be collectively insured, and if one of them died at his work, or from other specified diseases, his family would receive \$1000. The employer paid the premiums. Of course this system was not undiluted philanthropy — it brought the employer great benefits by virtue of a lessened labor turnover, more steadiness, more co-operation, more efficiency, more loyalty to the firm. After the war the growth of group insurance was phenomenal, until now some 6,000,000 workers are comprehended in the plan. And year by year as group insurance has grown, the position of the older employe has become more tenuous.

Why? *Because, the older the average age of the factory or office force, the higher the premiums under the group insurance schedules.* No employer, perhaps, would discharge a good man on this account, whatever his age. But when he thinks of *hiring* a new man, other things being equal, he picks a young one. And thus what began as painless philanthropy seems to be working out in terms of bitter human tragedy.

Mr. Abraham Epstein believes that group insurance is the greatest single reason for age discrimination in America today.

Closely allied, is another paradox — the old-age pension systems of private plants. Some 4,000,000 workers now come under such systems. Let us see how this works out. In this shop, let us say, the system calls for 25 years of service before a pension can be claimed. A man of 50 is taken on. He serves the company faithfully for 15 or 20 years, and is finally forced to retire because of ill health. He receives nothing, as he started too late to come under the provisions of the system. "Poor Jim," say his fellow employes, "poor old fellow, it's a dirty shame. Only a low down company would do a thing like that." The men grumble, and the company receives a black eye. Better to save this trouble, and employ only men who can work into the pension system — which means men below 40.

Other nations, particularly in Europe, have old-age pensions financed by the government. With the state bearing the cost, the employer has no incentive to discriminate on the score of age alone, apart from skill or strength. Other nations know little of group insurance. The dead line in so far as it springs from these two major sources is peculiarly American.

The story, however, does not stop here. A new factor has entered American industry in the last decade — "technological unemployment" as it is beginning to be called — a displacement of labor by machinery faster than other trades can absorb the surplus. Heretofore, while unemployment has always been an ugly problem, the expansion of industry opened up as many new opportunities as were lost through technical improvements. The automobile alone has created some 4,000,000 new jobs since 1900. But of late, it is alleged, there is no longer room in new industries. Here are a few examples of the process of displacement:

The displacement of theater musicians by the talkies.

One steam shovel displaces 500 hand workers in digging iron ore.

Seven men cast as much pig-iron as 60 men a decade ago.

Two men replace 128 men in unloading pig-iron.

In a machine shop 30 employes with new machines do the work of 220 workers with old machines.

Heretofore there has always been some doubt about "technological unemployment." But now, a very careful survey made by a committee under the direction of Mr. Hoover seems to settle the matter. These are the final results given:

New job seekers (1920 to 1927) . . .	5,150,000
New opportunities opened	4,500,000
Net shrinkage in jobs	650,000

This trend, in combination with

the hiring dead line, means that men in our industrial age must stop work early in life. Do they stop because they have saved a competence upon which to retire? They do not; they are fortunate if they have enough to pay the undertaker. Do they stop because they no longer want to work? They do not; they go on their knees for a chance to continue. And if discrimination proceeds at its present pace, an increasing number of men over 40 will be left to walk the streets.

Yet things need not come to this. Mr. Hoover, with a willing Congress and an awakened public consciousness behind him, could do much to modify them. The details require patient study, but the broad outlines are clear. Unemployment can be checked, if not eliminated, by:

1. The collection and maintenance of dependable employment statistics.
2. A reliable system of labor exchanges.
3. An intelligent program for the construction of public works to absorb a part at least of the labor surplus.
4. A system of unemployment insurance.
5. The gradual reduction of hours of labor to equalize technical improvements.

Further, we need a careful, nation-wide study of jobs in the modern world, conducted primarily to determine what positions the older man is capable of filling as well, or better, than the younger man. I am convinced that there are millions of such jobs, particularly in the growing automatic processes.

Trade with Russia Becomes Respectable

Condensed from *The Outlook and Independent* (July 10, '29)

Jonathan Mitchell

RUSSIA, at the moment, is doing more business with us than with any other country except Germany. Within the past few months, trading with Russia has suddenly become very respectable. Recently it was announced that the first United States Trade Delegation to Moscow would include representatives of the International General Electric Company, the Westinghouse Electric Company, the Chase National Bank, the Equitable Trust Company, and other corporations equally impressive.

At the present time, there are more than 2000 American firms which are doing, or recently have done, business with the Soviets. Last year Russia purchased some \$91,000,000 worth of American products, and about one half of this was obtained on credits advanced by our bankers and industrialists. We are, in fact, doing a greater business with Communists than ever we did with the subjects of the Czar.

There is little question that all the Americans doing business with the Soviets expect to make money from their dealings with Russia. Yet many influential Americans who were in Russia

in 1917 seem to have been moved by what they saw in that strange, vast land, and have been willing, privately, to help. Also, the Americans who have been the readiest to recognize the Soviets are more or less glamorous individuals.

Take, for example, Thomas D. Campbell of Montana. Mr. Campbell, the largest individual grower of wheat in the world, has succeeded in operating farms like factories. The Romans did it with slaves. Mr. Campbell is the first man ever to apply mass production to agriculture with free men. He has recently been in Russia organizing the Soviet State Farms. There is the chunky, weather-beaten little Col. Hugh L. Cooper, hydraulic engineer, who built the Keokuk dam across the Mississippi, and who describes his career as spent "fighting water." With a staff of American engineers, he is constructing the fabulous Dneiperostroy, the largest power dam in the world. Completed, in 1933, it will exceed the capacity of Muscle Shoals by one third. Power from the dam will be carried to the nearby Donetz coal mines. There it will be employed to develop the mines to their uttermost—

otherwise the work of a generation. From that time on, the coal will be scientifically burned at the pit head, and power sent back over the wires to reinforce the 800,000 horsepower of the Dneiperostroy.

Again there is Henry Ford. Mr. Ford recently concluded an agreement with the Soviets by which he is to supply them with \$30,000,000 worth of machinery on credit. With it, they are to build factories of a capacity of 100,000 cars and tractors each year. And there is Owen D. Young of the General Electric, who last fall offered to trust the Soviets for \$26,000,000 worth of electrical machinery, to be used at the Dneiperostroy. It is reported that when Mr. Young first broached this plan to his Board of Directors, they were — to put it gently — nonplussed. Rumor had it that the security offered was one quarter in gold, one quarter in platinum, and for the remaining half, a lien on the Red fleet. Several Wall Street bankers repeated this story, and the prospect of some day witnessing Messrs. Young and Gerard Swope piloting a replevined Russian battleship up New York harbor seemed to delight them immoderately. But there is actually no mention in the agreement of a lien on the Red fleet.

That agreement moreover, according to excellent authority,

contains one very significant provision. The old claims of the General Electric against the Czarist Government — which are among the claims which the United States declares must be honored as a preliminary to diplomatic recognition — are now, under agreement, to be waived.

A few of the other American concerns coöperating with the Soviets are the Radio Corporation of America; the Du Pont de Nemours Company, which will erect fertilizer plants; the H. J. Freyn Engineering Company, specialists in steel mills; Stuart, James and Cooke, coal mine engineers; and the McCormick Company of Pittsburgh, designers of the enormous central Moscow bakery.

The officials of the various Russian syndicates naturally wished to inspect goods before purchase. Amtorg, the Russian trade mission now established in New York, has arranged, within the last two years, for more than 400 Communist executives and technicians to enter this country and confer with our industrial leaders, despite the fact that citizens of the Soviets have no legal status in the United States.

Some of our visitors have been great swells of the Communist Party. Valery Meshlaur, vice-president of the All-Russian Supreme Economic Council, for instance, recently spent about

three months, generally unnoticed, in this country. At the present time, there are probably more than 100 members of the Soviet Government and its trusts here in the United States.

The industrial program of the Soviets has interesting political implications. As long as Russia remains a primitive, hand-to-mouth, agricultural community, the Soviet régime remains unstable. But with an industry adequate to supply Russia's needs — for war, as well as peace — the Communists would control a world power equalled only by the United States and the British Empire.

By their own figures, the Russians need from abroad during the next five years "tools to make tools" costing about \$3,500,000,000. The normal way for a country to develop its natural resources is by means of long term credits extended by older, better organized communities. But no country in the world will extend long-term credits to Russia. The Soviets did try to float one external loan, secured by Russian railroads, and offered through German bankers. A similar loan of any other country would have had a 50-year maturity, say, and an interest rate of perhaps four and a half percent. But the best terms the Russians could get was maturity in six years, interest at nine percent.

Failing to obtain long-term financing, the Russians nevertheless are able today to secure increasingly abundant short-term credits in America, and these are helping tremendously. What they cannot buy on short term credits, they must pay for in goods. They are working desperately to increase their exportable surplus. Their chief items of export to the United States are furs, oil, and "casings" for "hot dogs" — those things which split open when "hot dogs" are made hot.

No one, least of all the Communists themselves, believes they are out of the economic woods, nor anywhere near it. But they are on their way. Some of their program we know about. Before five years are up, Colonel Cooper's Dneiperostroy will set whirling Mr. Young's electric machinery, and factories will spring up like mushrooms. Mr. Campbell's state farm, plowed by Mr. Ford's tractors, will gently wave with wheat, which, milled into flour, will be baked in the McCormick Company's ovens. Perhaps it is unnecessary to go on with the steel mills, textile factories, coal mines, radio stations, which American capital has already agreed to provide. The United States, commonly regarded as the country which typifies capitalism, is, at present, doing what may be done to solidify the position of the Soviets.

Seadromes Will Soon Span the Atlantic

Condensed from The Nation's Business (July, '29)

Edward R. Armstrong, Engineer, du Pont Corporation

A SERIES of eight Armstrong seadromes, or floating landing fields, strung across the Atlantic at intervals of 375 miles will remove the hazard from ocean flying and make it possible to leave the United States by airplane Friday, spend Saturday and Sunday in Europe and return to New York on Monday. Five years at the least should see this project in complete operation. In fact, the first seadrome, now under construction, will be placed in operation between New York and Bermuda next year. When it is thoroughly tested, construction will begin on dromes for the trans-Atlantic route.

This plan has the support of a prominent group of business men, many of them being active in the du Pont and General Motors corporations. The cost of building this first seadrome will be between \$1,500,000 and \$2,000,000,000 — less than that of some of the first-class land airports and about ten percent of the cost of the largest passenger liner.

A perfunctory survey of the transportation field proves conclusively that the essential conditions for successful commercial

aviation are nowhere more favorable than on this Atlantic route. No other traffic route joins 300 million people who own or control more than half of the wealth total of the world. How great, for instance, would be the saving on interest charges alone if bank paper could be brought from Great Britain to New York in 24 hours instead of the several days now needed.

An effort to span the ocean in a single hop is a gamble with death, not because flying over the sea is dangerous but because of the distance that must be travelled without refueling, motor inspection, weather reports or any of the other services which have made land flying commonplace and reliable. Since distance is the only obstacle to safety, the problem in establishing ocean airlines is to break the trip up into lesser distances at the end of which the plane may be serviced, and weather reports received.

Approximately 10,000 tons of steel will be required for each seadrome. The buoyancy units, rust-proof iron tubes, will extend 160 feet under the water. The landing deck, 1200 feet long and 200 feet wide, will stand 80 feet

above the water level. Below the landing deck, at the stern, is the service and boat deck. Hangars will be located in the central deck housing section adjacent to the shop and storage space.

Each seadrome will be a unit in itself with hotel accommodations, power plants, radio stations and weather stations. Each hotel will serve both the operating personnel of the seadrome — about 80 persons — and an equal number of transient guests.

From the weather stations on each seadrome data will be gathered to forecast flying conditions. Recently perfected radio beacons will make buoys along the route unnecessary. Even in a heavy fog a plane would be able to find its way to a station and, if unable to land on the deck, could alight in the water nearby and could taxi to the drome where a huge crane would lift it aboard.

Materials and supplies will be delivered to the dromes by ships especially adapted for this service. They are to be protected from waves when necessary by air breakwaters which effectively destroy wave motion by diffusing compressed air from perforated pipes. Air bubbles rising through the water break up the waves,

reducing the greatest turbulence to a swell that a rowboat could navigate easily.

Under heaviest seas the seadromes themselves will remain stationary without roll or tremor. Tests of models in hurricane seas have proven that. Changes of wind merely swing the anchored seadromes around to provide the best possible landing conditions.

At no time on a trans-Atlantic flight would an airplane be more than 200 miles from a landing field. Radio telephonic communication will be maintained between seadrome and plane. Should one of the amphibian planes be forced down on the water, speedy power boats will be available at each station to rush to the rescue. If bad weather threatens, warning will be broadcast and planes will remain on the dromes safe from the elements. The route will be five to ten degrees south of the summer steamship lane, so that ice formations on the stations or the planes will be impossible at any season.

An express service, stopping at every other seadrome, will make the westward flight from England in 24 hours and the eastward flight, under favorable wind conditions, in 15 hours. All meals will be served at the stations.



The Other Side of "It"

Condensed from The Century Magazine (July, '29)

Gilbert Seldes, author of "*The Seven Lively Arts*"

IF there is no law against it, I would like to suggest that sex-appeal in the movies is a fraud — that the possession of *it*, far from being an advantage, has regularly brought ruin to those who tried to exploit it. And now I am prepared to face the firing squad at sunrise, since the publicity boys maintain loudly that *it* is the supremely desirable quality for success in the pictures.

It is a reasonable guess that if the stars have to have *it*, to succeed, the great successful pictures would at least be touched with sex interest. Take a composite list, then, of the pictures which highbrows and lowbrows alike would want to see again, most of them tremendously successful in the past five or ten years. The list usually includes: *The Birth of a Nation*, *The Four Horsemen*, *Abraham Lincoln*, an Our Gang comedy, *The Big Parade*, a Harold Lloyd picture, a Buster Keaton picture, a Charlie Chaplin picture, *The Covered Wagon*, *The Last Laugh*, *Deception*, *Humoresque*, *The King of Kings*, a Fairbanks picture, a Pickford picture, *Anna Christie* and a half-dozen exceptional

news-reels and scenics. Are they reeking with sex? No, the themes of the great, lasting, popular successes have been patriotism, mother love, up-from-poverty, justice and injustice, romance, war, religion, the awkwardness of youth, self-sacrifice, courage, slapstick comedy — almost anything rather than sex. To see *The Birth of a Nation* the public paid about \$12,500,000; to see a single series of Chaplin films (those including *The Pawnshop*, *Easy Street*, and so forth) the public came to the box-office for ten solid years and deposited \$25,000,000 in nickles and dimes and quarters — and this is the same public that is supposed to be interested chiefly in *it*.

Miss Pickford and Miss Norma Talmadge have been in the movies about 20 years and their eyes must be a little weary of watching the flash of "vamps" and sex-appealers as they come and go. Among the men with *it*, none has ever saved his company from bankruptcy, a little stunt done in his stride by Rin-tin-tin for the Warners. The pictures exploiting sex, in the days before the censor, filled the theaters for a time; but who remembers even the title of

one of the 40 vamp films Theda Bara made in the three years of her movie career?

There is a bit of psychoanalysis which explains the supposed sex-appeal in the movies. If we conspicuously lack a quality we are likely enough to claim an excess of it, and jingle three pennies in our pockets to give the effect of wealth. Possibly this happened to the movies. A few years ago they were in a bad way. They covered up their failure to make good pictures by putting on elaborate presentations with singing, dancing and whatever else could distract attention from the weakness of the "feature" film. At the same time they became aware of the fact that the one department in which their appeal must be at a minimum was the sexual, since the law was active and the screen worked against sensuousness. So, by a stroke of fine showmanship, they began to claim for themselves a monopoly of the quality they lacked, until sex-appeal became synonymous with the movies. After that, the path was easy, because people will always find what they are told to look for.

The producers of the movies are quite right in believing that a star and a picture can be put over on sex-appeal alone — once. Perhaps two or three times. But their own experience is proof that *no permanent success has yet come*

to a player who made sex his or her chief appeal and that failure of such players has been rapid, constant and inevitable.

And even if the movies failed to supply the proof, there is plenty on the side-lines. The same people who go to the movies sing popular songs, listen to the radio, follow the comic strips and pay millions to see vaudeville every year. If sex is so essential to the movies, it ought to bring some success in these other fields. And the outstanding successes, year after year, in these fields are totally removed from sex interest. The most popular song America ever had was concerned with bananas. The most widely circulated of all comic strips deals with a middle-aged husband and wife, the husband trying to escape the social ambitions of his wife: their names are *Mr. and Mrs. Figgs*. Examined by specialists, this strip, and all the other famous ones, assay less than one-tenth of one per cent sex-appeal.

Al Jolson can sing a rowdy song as well as any one; he probably has sex-appeal; but on the stage and in the movies his name is associated with sentimental and "Mammy" songs. The one acrobat who can build a show around himself and carry it on the road for a year after a year in New York, and do this time after time, is Fred Stone — his shows are

hermetically sealed against suggestiveness.

Even on the stage sex-appeal is a secondary virtue. It manifests itself there a hundred times more effectively than it can in the movies; it uses the timbre of a voice, the proximity of flesh and blood, the colors of lights and the voluptuous flow of clothes. There have been some pretty girls and some handsome men who have achieved a sort of fame without talent. But the rank that stays on top does not know them. Neither Julia Marlowe nor Mrs. Fiske was ever advertised as appealing to the sexual interest; nor, today, is that suggestion prominent in the publicity for Miss Barrymore, Miss Cornell, Miss Hayes or Miss Fontanne. Nor for the Marx Brothers or Fanny Brice or W. C. Fields or Joe Cook. As you go down the list it begins to be evident that the degree of sex-appeal claimed for an individual is the precise measure of the individual's talent: the greater the emphasis on sex, the less talent.

With a single exception. Valentino had talent, and he had sex-appeal. He seemed to break through the limitations of the screen and to express it. His career was brief; his best picture was made while he was still obscure. When his publicity began to center on sex, Valentino began to decline.

The publicity of sex-appeal, guaranteeing success and happiness, implies that *it* is more important than talent or genius or character. The hard fact is that in the movies and on the stage, and perhaps in ordinary life as well, success has generally been won by less exciting virtues — by hard work and a few other capacities which have not fancy new names and cannot be used for publicity. Such as humor and technical knowledge, and appreciation of human nature, and a dash of genius.

Sex being central to human life, all these things are related to sex — not to sex-appeal, but to the mysterious tangle of emotions which makes up the sexual nature of a man. The people who possessed these gifts have done something about them. Even Casanova and Ninon de Lenclos, the two greatest exemplars of sex-appeal, did not attempt to live without using their wits, as well.

Well, *it* was as good a show as any other novelty for a while. But now the public has pretty consistently turned to other things — a good dog or a funny man or a woman who could make it cry. Some one ought to look into this and give us a revised estimate on public stupidity. Or perhaps it is only the movie producers who underestimate the public.

Hello, London

Condensed from The American Magazine (August, '29)

Charles F. V. Murphy

THE moment at which the *Graf Zeppelin* appeared in the twilight above Lakehurst, New Jersey, after its spectacular flight from Germany, was one of the most exciting events, journalistically, in 1928. Reporters made desperate efforts to get to their telegraph instruments. But one man, Wilhelm Schulze, correspondent for a big German news syndicate, rushed into a telephone booth.

"Get me the Verlag Ullstein, Berlin S. W. 68," he shouted. "Ach! Long Distance — all the way to Germany, yes, right now."

And, after six minutes of feverishly listening to the clatter outside the booth and the resonant hum of the telephone, he was actually dictating the story of the arrival of the *Zeppelin*, giving details as he saw them through the windows of the booth. Within 30 minutes, a dozen newspapers in Germany served by his agency were spilling "extras" into the streets, carrying the story word-for-word as he had dictated it from his telephone 5000 miles away.

This is but one of the thrilling incidents that make up the log of the American Telephone and

Telegraph Company's new transatlantic telephone system, now in its third year of operation.

"It was in January, 1927, that the system was opened to the public," declared Theodore G. Miller, the general manager. "At that time many people thought of radio telephony as a freak. But in that year some 2900 persons used the transatlantic telephone; and in 1928 7500 individual users were recorded. The increase was important enough to justify a drastic reduction in the rates. Where it cost, at first, \$75 to talk to London for three minutes, we later reduced the rate to \$45 for the same conversation, with proportionate reductions to all connecting points.

"Meanwhile, we rapidly extended our service. We included Paris, Berlin, Madrid, Vienna, Copenhagen, Brussels — indeed, nearly all the major cities on the Continent, besides linking Canada, Mexico, and Cuba to the New York terminal. Thus the 19,000,000 telephones in the United States have been linked — potentially, at least — with the telephones of the Old World — 28,000,000 telephones, in all, hooked up in one great, cohesive

circuit. Without stirring from your library, you can project your true, living voice and personality into inaccessible corners of the world."

Mr. Miller told me of a little British boy in London, who saw, in the catalog of a Chicago mail-order firm, some very appealing photographs of rifles. He was alone in the house. With infinite resource, he went to the telephone and requested "American Service, please." Then he put through a call to the Chicago store, and ordered his rifle. Nor did his father know anything of the adventure till the first of the month when his telephone bill embodied a mysterious charge of £20 for a call to Chicago. On the same day the inexpensive rifle arrived C. O. D.

W. C. Durant, the automobile man, one of the biggest stock market operators, kept in constant communication with his brokers while he was traveling abroad. During a period of a few weeks his telephone bill amounted to about \$25,000. Once, in a London hotel, he was too fatigued to get out of bed, and instructed the waiter to call up his broker. The astounded servant put through the call.

"Tell them to buy, in my name, 5000 shares of General Motors," Mr. Durant ordered. The waiter did so, reporting the price. "Fine," said Mr. Durant,

"tell them to buy 10,000 more." And then, before the waiter, perspiring at this extraordinary responsibility, could put down the receiver, the millionaire commanded, "Order 15,000 shares more."

That's life! A Piccadilly waiter, with tuppence in his pocket, riotously spending \$6,000,000 over the phone with a man he had never seen!

"Of course the service is confidential," explained Mr. Miller, "but so great is the novelty of it, that people often tell us or the newspapers of their experiences."

Suppose you live, say, in Chicago, and desire to talk to some body at the Savoy Hotel, London. You lift the receiver, and ask for "Long Distance." Then your voice is sent scampering along the wire to New York. From there your voice is redirected, still via land wire, to the huge transmitting station at Rockypoint, Long Island, 75 miles away. There it is built up by great banks of thermionic vacuum tubes and its powers magnified 300,000,000 times. Then it is hoisted to the two-mile-long antennae and hurled across the sea way. It arrives at Cupar, Scotland, only a billionth as strong as when it left America, is resuscitated by vacuum tubes, and sped along wires to London. Strangely enough, the reply has to travel over an entirely different

route, via Rugby, England, and Houlton, Maine.

Amazing as is this new form of communication, it is still only in the pioneering stage. A few decades hence, this present system may seem as archaic as the dinky little device of Alexander Graham Bell in 1876.

I asked Mr. Miller whether or not it is possible to overhear transatlantic telephone conversations with a radio set.

He smiled. "It is possible, but not with the ordinary radio sets. We have developed a form of transmission that virtually precludes any chance of eaves-dropping with the ordinary set."

In the main, Mr. Miller explained, social calls compose about 40 percent of the conversations put through, with business calls ranking just above. There have been many unusual calls. One resident of Illinois found, on reaching Paris, that he had mislaid the shopping list his wife had given him. He slyly called up his daughter at home, and got her to repeat it to him. An American composer whose script had been lost in the mails sung his song to the stenographer of a London producer and it was played, two hours later, at the opening of a show at the Alhambra, thus averting a postponed performance. A New York broker, trying to capture the benefit of a few minutes' difference in the rate

of exchange, hurriedly purchased \$6,000,000 worth of foreign currencies in the course of a two-minute conversation.

Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, dealer in first editions, took part by telephone in a London auction where an extremely rare book was up for sale. A clerk in the auction room acted as intermediary for Dr. Rosenbach, who was in Philadelphia, and a spirited competitive bidding took place with an English bidder who was right in the auction room. Doctor Rosenbach finally won with a bid of £3000.

"What is the longest distance call thus far made over this system?" I asked.

"From San Diego to Stockholm, a distance of 8630 miles," Mr. Miller said. "Here is an extraordinary thing to consider. Suppose that a man in San Diego could shout loud enough actually to be heard in the Swedish city. In view of the fact that sound waves travel only 720 miles per hour, it would require 12 hours for the American's voice to reach Stockholm, and another 12 hours for the second man's voice to return. But over the wire and radio, the voice requires only one-fourth of a second for that journey.

"You ought to try this radio telephony," Mr. Miller concluded. "There's really a great kick in it."

When a Good American Dies

Excerpts from Vanity Fair (June, '29)

Deems Taylor

ONE thing that endears Paris to me is the certain knowledge that when I arrive, Paris will be there. This is a very, very comforting thought for a New Yorker, whose native city is taken to pieces and reassembled every five years. It gives me a sorely-needed sense of permanence and safety to reflect that when next I visit Paris I need not fear to find that the *Café des Deux Magots* has been replaced by a motion picture palace, or that *Notre Dame* has been sandblasted and fitted with an indirect lighting system, or that the *Hôtel de Sens* has disappeared to make way for a 17-story co-operative apartment.

The American tradition is naturally one of trial and error. Our civilization began about seven thousand years later than Europe's, and small wonder that we are still experimenting with it. Just the same, it is good for an American to realize, periodically, that there does eventually come a time when the architects of civilization can step back, draw a long breath, and say, "There; I guess that will do."

I get from Paris something no American can possibly get from

his own country. The *Thermes* in the courtyard of the *Hôtel de Cluny*, where Roman gentlemen took vapor baths long before there was a France; *Notre Dame*, still unfinished after eight centuries, on whose towers carpenters built scaffolding 250 years before my own country was even suspected; the iron rings in the house walls of the *Rue Brisemiche*, through which, 16 generations ago, ran the chains that made the street a nightly death-trap for fleeing gangsters — these things are both a reminder and a promise. "Life is continuous," they say. "Men have been here for a long time; and they, too, labored and quarrelled, and took their ease, and strove for beauty. And there will be others like you, after you are gone. Don't take life so hard." These are very un-American truths; and they are very reassuring to hear.

Every time I go to Paris I realize how little we Americans know about living. The Parisian, it is notorious, does not exactly disdain money; but he will not sell his life for it. Deep in the heart of the average American lies the ambition to be head of the


firm, or America's Sweetheart, or Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order of Unicorns. The Parisian's dream is less complicated: some day to quit work. I do not say that it is a universally wise dream; but it certainly makes for a good life.

The Parisian does not lunch hastily in the office on an apple and a glass of milk. He closes up shop and goes to his favorite restaurant and stays two hours — this, whether he be a bank president or a taxi driver. He works hard, even by our standards; but when he loafs, he does so without reservations. His pleasures are inexpensive — he sips his drinks slowly, and prefers sitting on the grass in the *Bois de Boulogne* to scuttling through it in a Ford — but deliberately so. For some day, if he saves very carefully, he will be able to retire and do nothing at all at the age when the average American is just entering upon his third nervous breakdown.

Paris has one quality that is wholly its own. It is the loveliest thing that man ever built. Here is proof that when men have a common dream, they can make

it come true. For generations Frenchmen have been thinking, "Here shall be a city that, as nearly as we can make it so, shall be wholly beautiful." And they have done it. Paris is probably the only real improvement upon Nature that man has ever achieved. Everything about it is right. The boulevards and avenues are just the right width, the buildings are just the right size (there is no structure in Paris that has not in front of it an open space at least equal to its own height), the river is placed just right, and is just wide enough, the colors and forms and sounds and smells are right. Every street in Paris has something at the end of it; it may be a statue or a monumental building, or only a tree. But it is there to look at; and facing it, be it a mile away, is something to balance it. The city is the only thoroughly comfortable one in the world, the only one that has enough trees and flowers and places to sit down.

Such is Paris, the place to which a good American goes when he dies.



The Mystery of the Vanishing Lady

Condensed from The New Yorker (July 6-13, '29)

Alexander Woollcott

THEN there was the story — told me some years ago as a true copy of a leaf from the secret archives of the Paris police — of the woman who disappeared suddenly and completely during the World Exposition in Paris.

It happened in this way: An Englishwoman and her young, inexperienced daughter, a girl of 17 or thereabouts, had stopped off in Paris temporarily. The mother was the frail, pretty widow of an English officer who had been stationed in India, and the two had just come from Bombay, bound for home.

Paris was so tumultuously crowded for the Exposition that they counted themselves fortunate to get a room at the Crillon. The girl was the more relieved that there would be no need of a house-to-house search for rooms, for the mother had seemed unendurably exhausted from the long train ride, and was now of such a color that the girl's first idea was to call the house physician, hoping fervently that he spoke English, for neither she nor her mother spoke any French at all.

The doctor, when he came — a dusty, smelly little man with

a wrinkled face lost in a thicket of whiskers, and a reassuring Legion of Honor ribbon in the buttonhole of his lapel — did speak a little English. After a long, grave look and a few questions put to the tired woman on the bed, he called the girl into the sitting-room and told her frankly that her mother's condition was serious; that it was out of the question for them to think of going on to England next day; that on the morrow she might better be moved to a hospital, etc., etc.

All these things he would attend to. In the meantime he wanted the girl to go at once to his home and fetch him a bottle of medicine that his wife would give her. It could not be had quickly in any chemist's. Unfortunately, he lived on the other side of Paris and had no telephone, and with all Paris *en fête* it would be perilous to rely on any messenger. Indeed, it would be a saving of time and worry if she would go, armed with a note from him. In the lobby below, the manager of the hotel, after an excited colloquy with the doctor, took charge of her most sympathetically, himself putting

her into a *sapin* and volubly directing the driver.

It was then that the girl's agony began, for the ramshackle victoria crawled through the festive streets. The house seemed to stand at the other end of the world, when the carriage came at last to a halt in front of it. The doctor's wife, after reading the note again and again, stationed the girl in an airless waiting room and left her there so long that she was weeping for very desperation, before the medicine was found, wrapped and turned over to her.

A hundred times during that wait she rose and started for the door, determined to stay no longer. A thousand times in the wretched weeks that followed she loathed herself for not having obeyed that impulse.

Then the snail's pace trip back to the Right Bank was another nightmare, and it ended only when, at the *cocber's* mulish determination to deliver her to some hotel in the Place Vendôme, she leaped to the street and in sheer terror appealed for help to a passing young man whose alien tweeds and boots told her he was a compatriot of hers.

He was still standing guard beside her five minutes later when, at last, she arrived at the desk of the Crillon and called for her key, only to have the very clerk who had handed

her a pen to register with that morning look at her without recognition and blandly ask "Whom does Mademoiselle wish to see?" At that a cold fear clutched her heart, a sudden surrender to a panic that she had fought back as preposterous when it had visited her in the doctor's waiting room; a panic born when, after the doctor had casually told her he had no telephone, she had heard the fretful ringing of its bell on the other side of his walnut door. And now, here was this clerk looking at her as if she were some slightly demented creature demanding admission to someone else's apartment.

But, no, Mam'zelle must be mistaken. Did Mam'zelle say her room was No. 342? Ah, but 342 was occupied by M. Quelquechose. He had been occupying it these past two weeks and more. She demanded the registration slips only to find that the one she herself had filled out was not among them. And even as the clerk now shuffled the papers before her eyes, the stupefying bloodstone which she had noticed on his ring-finger when he handed her the pen that morning, winked at her in confirmation.

From then on she came only upon closed doors. The same house physician who had hustled her off on her tragic wild-geese chase across Paris protested now with all the shrugs and gestures

of his people that he had never so much as seen her before in his life. The same hotel manager who had helped her to the carriage flatly denied her now, though he courteously offered to provide another chamber where she might repose herself until such time as she could recollect at what hotel she really belonged, if —

For always there was in his ever polite voice the unspoken reservation that the whole mystery might be a thing of her own disordered invention. Then, and in the destroying days that followed, she was only too keenly aware that these evasive people — the personnel of the hotel, the attachés of the embassy, the reporters of the *Paris Herald*, the officials at the *Sûreté* — were each and every one behaving as if she had lost her wits. Indeed there were times when she felt that all Paris was rolling its eyes behind her back and significantly tapping its forehead.

Her only aid and comfort was the aforesaid Englishman who elected to believe her against all the evidence which so impressed the rest of Paris. He proved a pillar of stubborn strength. His faith in her needed to be unreasoning because he began to suspect that for some unimaginable reason all these people were part of a plot to conceal the means whereby the missing woman's disappearance

had been effected. This suspicion deepened when, after a day's delay, he succeeded in forcing an inspection of Room 342 and found that there was no detail of its furnishing which had not been altered from the one etched in the girl's memory.

It remained for him to prove the mechanism of that plot and to guess at its invisible motive — a motive strong enough to enlist all Paris in the silent obliteration of a woman of no importance, moreover a woman who had not an enemy in the world. It was the purchased confession of one of the paperhangers, who had worked all night in hurriedly transforming Room 342, that started the unravelling of the mystery.

Perhaps you yourself have already surmised that the doctor had recognized the woman's ailment as a case of the black plague smuggled in from India; that his first instinctive step, designed only to give time for spiriting her out of the threatened hotel, had, when she died that afternoon, widened into a conspiracy on the part of the police to suppress, at all costs to this one girl, an obituary notice which, had it ever leaked out, would have emptied Paris overnight and spread ruin across a city that had gambled heavily on the great Exposition for which its gates were even then thrown wide.

American Catholics Secede from Rome?

Condensed from *The Forum* (August, '29)

E. Boyd Barrett, Roman Catholic author of "The Jesuit Enigma"

IT is usual to take for granted the cohesion of the Roman Catholic Church, and to regard it as highly improbable that a Western schism is threatening. For instance, even H. L. Mencken recently declared that "nothing is less likely than the dismemberment of the Catholic Church." But is this unity actually as sturdy as it seems to be? Is there not evidence to the contrary?

First, there is the race-consciousness of American Catholics, which derives from their excellence as citizens. "They are," declares Dr. John Haynes Holmes, "the most loyal, devoted, self-respecting citizens of this country." Indeed, their patriotism is such that at times they even forget the restraints of Roman ritual. They are highly sensitive about their citizenship, and when the taunt of "divided allegiance" is hurled at them, hurt to the quick, they are likely to take an attitude similar to that of John England, pioneer Bishop of Charleston. "I would not," declared this prophet of American Catholicism, "allow to the Pope, or to any bishop of our Church outside this Union, the smallest interference with the humblest

vote at our most insignificant balloting box."

As a current expression of this spirit, I quote a sentence from a sermon preached in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York on March tenth, at a special service held to celebrate the Lateran Peace. The preacher, Father McClorey, S.J., speaking in the presence of His Eminence Cardinal Hayes, declared: "If the Pope should war with America, we would take up arms against him as the French and other Europeans did in past centuries."

When such a sermon can be preached in the presence of, and without protest from, the Archbishop of New York, who can maintain that the doctrine that the Pope is "The Vicar of God on earth" is a sturdy dogma in this country?

It has been the fate of most Catholic populations, at one time or another, to find themselves driven by their patriotism into conflict with the Holy See. This has happened in France, Germany, Ireland, Mexico, and—very dramatically—in Italy. For, recently, it was impossible for a man to be both a "good Italian" and a "good Roman Catholic."

To reconcile pure, unadulterated Americanism with the Encyclicals of Pius IX and Leo XIII is impossible. As Hilaire Belloc has written, "The Catholic Church is, in its root principle, at issue with the civic definition both of freedom and of authority." In virtue of his Americanism, a Catholic citizen must stand for the principles of liberalism in religion and education, and the sovereign right of the state to enforce obedience to the law; but in virtue of his Romanism, he must oppose these principles. Furthermore, as a Romanist, the Catholic citizen must keep in mind, as something to be aimed at, the political establishment of the Catholic Church in America — the ultimate union of church and state.

The corporate defection from such "orthodoxy" on the part of American Catholics during the last presidential election calls for a brief allusion. Before the election Governor Smith, an unschooled doctor of Catholicism, issued a religious credo: "I believe in the absolute separation of church and state." Whereupon his coreligionists responded: "We too . . . Amen."

In palliation of this heresy, Catholics point out that Rome recognizes and tolerates the existing separation of church and state in this country. Nevertheless, Rome has repudiated, as ir-

reconcilable with her theory, "the American doctrine of separation." Was Rome pleased with Governor Smith's credo? The Editor of the *Fortnightly Review* answers the question. "Governor Smith's reply to Mr. Marshall was objectionable from the orthodox Catholic point of view, and the fact that nearly the entire Catholic press of the United States let it go uncontradicted, nay, praised it, did cause uneasiness and anxiety at Rome." There follows a comment upon "the terrible blight of Americanism which is slowly destroying the Catholic faith."

Again, that recent creation of Pius XI, the Vatican City, constitutes a deliberate challenge to Catholic Americanism. As Rome was well aware, American Catholics had abandoned interest and belief in the papal claims to temporal power, and were wholly reconciled to the idea of the Pope as a "prisoner of the Vatican" — a noble, spiritual example of the eternal conflict between the world and religion. Suddenly, to their embarrassment, the Pope emerged as a king ruling a little state, and by his side, supporting him, stood modern Italy attired in the penitential habit of canon law. How was this to be explained to American Catholics?

At first denials were issued. "The term Temporal Power is

misleading," said the editor of the *Catholic Review*. "The Pope's sovereignty as recognized is only in spiritual things." But it became plain to all who studied the various ecclesiastical authorities that something had happened which boded ill for the Catholic Church in America. In fact, Pius XI emphatically and dramatically reaffirmed certain notions that American Catholics, as good Americans, simply cannot accept: namely, the wholesomeness of the union of church and state, and the desirability of having a temporal ruler as "the Vicar of God on earth."

It goes without saying that American Catholics view with alarm the implicit invitation to Mussolini to watch over the interests of the Church, and the fact that the Treaty affords new opportunities for Fascist propaganda in this country. Clause 20 of the Concordat, when known by American Catholics, is of itself enough to strain profoundly their allegiance to Rome. This clause has to do with the oath-taking of Italian bishops.

Everyone acquainted with church history knows that the 300 Italian bishops are the ruling "bloc" of the Roman Catholic Church. Henceforth, each one of these Italian bishops must swear the following oath in the presence of Mussolini or his representative: "Before God, on His Holy Gos-

pels, I swear and promise . . . not to participate in any agreement or attend any council which would be injurious to the Italian State . . . Being mindful only of the welfare and interest of the Italian State, I will endeavor to avoid anything which might menace them." I maintain that when American Catholics realize that they are being governed in Church affairs by men sworn to be "mindful only of the welfare and interest of the Italian State," they will begin to regard as inevitable a sad leave-taking from the Eternal City.

As to the probable course of the impending Western schism, it is infinitely hazardous to guess. In all likelihood there will be a preliminary period during which, under the rule of a "Patriarch of the West"—a native-born bishop, resident in this country and conceded by Rome in deference to urgent demands from the American hierarchy—the American Catholic Church will become a truly national institution. Thereafter, some economic or social factor will suffice to sever the ever-weakening bond between American Catholics, imbued with the spirit of independence, and Roman Catholics, gathered in defense of the archaic battlements of the Vatican City.

(In the next issue of the "Forum" Dr. James J. Walsh will reply to Dr. Barrett's article.)

Sportswomen of Today

Condensed from Pictorial Review (August, '29)

Helen Wills, World's Woman Tennis Champion

SPORTS and athletics, which have played their part in gaining the freedom of the modern woman, are very recent when one realizes that there were centuries when women did not know anything about outdoor activity. It has only been since about 1900 that sports for women have come into their own.

With few exceptions none of the women of history were even allowed to indulge in out-of-doors activities. Egyptian women did have a little more outdoor life than the women of most other countries, mainly because of the climate. Spartan women were trained in sports and athletics, along with their brothers, in order to develop strong bodies. The Spartans believed healthy women produced healthy children. They desired strong soldiers for warfare.

During the next 2000 years women knew practically nothing of sports and of out-of-door freedom. Then came the bicycle and lawn-tennis.

The present freedom of the modern woman owes much to the bicycle. In our grandmothers' time exercise was regarded as unladylike. Women had to be

content with croquet. It is true that some rode horseback, but in a side-saddle costume which was both voluminous and uncomfortable and which prevented them from deriving the real benefits from riding.

The next out-of-door activity that the women of the time turned their attention to was lawn-tennis. As no one could comfortably play tennis in the corsets that were then worn, these garments were gradually modified and made a little softer and less binding. This was an important advance, for half the ills of women who wore such unyielding supports could be blamed upon the prisons in which their bodies were incased and squeezed out of shape.

But tennis was not regarded favorably at all. To quote an article written at the time the game appeared: "Ministers exhort their congregations to eschew the ungraceful, unwomanly, and unrefined game which offends all the canons of womanly dignity and delicacy." Can there be anybody nowadays who feels this way about tennis for women?

It is indeed interesting to note

that the dress used for sports gradually had an influence upon the every-day styles. It was later to become the fashion to have freedom for the body. But it took women some time to get away from their long skirts. A few bravely started to wear them to their ankles in rainy weather, and were called "rainy daisies." They were denounced immediately.

The style of the time called for a high collar, great full sleeves, a long gored skirt which flared out upon the pavement and gathered dust or dampness. Hats were balanced precariously upon the top of the head, secured by long and dangerous hatpins.

We who know the comfort of the short skirt and sensible dress would rebel if we had to put on tight corsets and tight kid gloves, and if we had to squeeze our comfortable waists. A lady informed me the other day that the ambition of her girlhood was "to have a waist that could be easily measured with the span of two hands."

We can remember what a fuss there was about bobbed hair, and now no one gives it a second thought. At the time, critics predicted dire disaster to the younger generation. Just now, a new style has appeared in tennis which will have its share of criticism. Stockings are being abandoned, and in their stead are worn little socks that reach

to the ankle. This is very sensible, gives more freedom, and does away with tight garters. Two years ago no player would have thought of going without stockings in tournament play. Last year a few ventured forth. It won't be long until white-stockinged legs will be unusual upon the court.

Take for another example the sleeveless dress for tennis. Eight years ago a young lady who appeared thus clad at one of the best-known tennis clubs in New York was asked by a surprised committee to please dress more modestly.

Needless to say there is a distinct relationship between the styles of dress worn and the quality of tennis that women play today. Take Mlle. Lenglen, for instance. She absolutely revolutionized tennis-dress for women, and who can imagine Mlle. Lenglen playing the spirited game she does in the kind of costume popular 15 years ago?

Modern woman would not exchange her present-day life, with all its advantages and freedom, for the life of any woman of the past. Mental liberation has come to her through education; physical liberation, through sports and athletics. All have joined together in giving the world this sane, healthy, and happy creature — the modern woman!

Do Defects Promote Genius?

Condensed from Plain Talk (August, '29)

Helen Leonard

DEMOSTHENES stuttered and Pope was a hunchback. Caesar was epileptic. So were Napoleon and Dostoyevsky. Johnson was partially blind and scrofulous. Steinmetz was dwarfed and deformed. Carlyle was dyspeptic, and the liberal and wise Alfred the Great was the victim of a lifelong internal disease. Byron had a club-foot, Gibbon a hydrocele; Keats had tuberculosis, Lamb was troubled with insanity, Milton was blind, Charles Darwin neuro-pathic, and Francis Thompson tubercular. And so on forever. . .

Epilepsy, insanity, blindness, deafness, tuberculosis, all are enormous physical handicaps commonly resulting in a permanent feeling of inferiority. Chronic asthma and dyspepsia put the human body on the rack and apply the thumbscrews. Exaggerated tallness or shortness, or a disfigurement often lies at the root of abnormally strong drives.

From the standpoint of modern psychologists there are two general forms of compensation. One is the overcoming of a limitation as illustrated by Roosevelt, who worked so hard at strengthening his puny body that

he became able to endure the greatest physical hardships and rose to a position of leadership, and by Demosthenes, who applied himself so rigidly to overcoming his handicap of stammering that he not only succeeded but became a famous orator.

The second form is called vicarious compensation. Where it is impossible to overcome the defect, as in tuberculosis, epilepsy, insanity, exaggerated tallness or shortness, other means of attaining dominance are found. Physically unable to cope with the daily round of work, with the company of people, Nietzsche, Heine, Goethe, Olive Shreiner and endless others retreated into a dream world of writing, and made this their vicarious outlet for self-expression and dominance.

Tuberculosis, the insidious disease that wastes the body while it exalts the moods, that often gives its victim the greatest physical strength at the very time death is stalking at his side, has created more geniuses than almost any other disease. It marks a Francis Thompson walking through the streets with his shoe-laces flapping untied and his thoughts soaring. It produces

a Shelley and a Synge and an Elizabeth Browning, whose whole creative genius is expressed in the few years that mark the greatest ravages of the disease. It forms its singularly optimistic Emerson and its melancholy Poe. It precipitates De Quincey into the opium habit to fight its powerful toxins, and sends Lanier into the southern hills. It marks Jane Austen, Thoreau, John Locke, and Sir Walter Scott. Of the moderns, Havelock Ellis, Katherine Mansfield, Eugene O'Neill, and Anton Chekov have been branded by its fever. Voltaire, who was a living skeleton, bore open evidence of its ravages. Emily Brontë, who far surpassed her sister Charlotte, was death-ridden by the disease.

Robert Louis Stevenson was a sickly child and all his life he seemed on the verge of dying. He was subject to acute catarrh and bronchial affections, which early resulted in tuberculosis. At 34 he became a chronic invalid leashed to his bed, forbidden for weeks to talk above a whisper. He wrote: "I am a miserable, snuffling, shivering, fever-stricken, nightmare-ridden, knee-jottering shadow and remains of man. But we'll no gie ower jist yet a bittie." The worst years of his life from the standpoint of suffering were the most productive in literary work. *Dr.*

Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Kidnapped, Treasure Island all came out of this bedridden period when his life hung by a thread.

Insanity, the living nightmare, was the fate of William Cowper, Isaac Newton, and even of Poe. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Coleridge, Baudelaire, Schopenhauer and Swift, all were its victims.

Charles Lamb's life reads with the gruesomeness of a Boccaccio tale. As a young man of 21 he writes to Coleridge: "The six weeks that finished last year your very humble servant spent very agreeably in a madhouse at Hoxton. I am got somewhat rational now, and don't bite anyone. But mad I was; and many a vagary my imagination played with me."

The immediate cause of this attack was a horrible tragedy in his home. Mary Lamb, his sister, in a fit of insanity stabbed their mother to death. In the jury investigation that followed it was revealed that she was always a devoted daughter and that the act took place while the family was preparing for dinner. The verdict was insanity, and the case was dropped. Charles and his sister Mary had always been very intimate, and the shock sent Charles to Hoxton raving mad. After he recuperated, and for the rest of his life, they lived together; but both of them suffered from terrible melancholia.

Mary Lamb wrote: "When I am pretty well his low spirits throw me back again; and when he begins to get a little cheerful then I do the same kind office for him. You should see us together looking at each other with long and rueful faces and saying 'how do you do?' and 'how do you do?' And then we fall a-crying, and say we will be better on the morrow."

Such was the life of dread that Lamb lived, always waiting for the next moment of horror, never knowing when reason would go completely. And out of this melancholy came his incomparable essays.

Boswell tells us that Johnson was so badly afflicted with scrofula that his visual nerves were hurt to the extent of destroying the sight of one of his eyes, and his countenance was disfigured. Now scrofula tends to make an individual abnormally fat. So we find Johnson with a disfigured face and a sightless eye. He never joins with the other boys in play because of his defective eyesight. But in conversation he excels them all. He struts through life with dignity, always keeping others at a distance.

Some historians claim that his melancholy, which lasted his

whole life, was hereditary insanity, to which his father also was subject. Before his life ended asthma, dropsy, and the gout came to stay with Johnson chronically. His limbs became wells of water, and he could hardly catch his breath. This was Samuel Johnson the greatest conversationalist of all time and the compiler of that unique and stupendous *Dictionary*.

The genius of Beethoven can be graphed with the gradual decline of his hearing. After he reaches complete deafness his work attains sublimity. Pasteur, one of the greatest scientists that ever lived, made his most valuable discovery after a stroke of apoplexy.

The compensatory drive for the surmounting of limitations is a dynamic force. The habits of adjustment thus formed become an end in themselves and carry the individual further than he would ordinarily have gone without his defect. Normal health and normal bodies would have robbed us certainly of many, many of those outstanding characters now called geniuses. It is the tremendous drive that makes a genius — a ceaseless energy that even though it may be spasmodic is nevertheless enduring.



Do Insects Think?

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly (June, '29)

Michel Mok

WHILE waiting for a street car in a Nicaraguan city, an English naturalist suddenly discovered that an absorbing drama was being enacted right at his feet. He saw a column of leaf-cutting ants scurrying across the tracks to reach some trees on the opposite side of the road. Wagons were running on the rails, and numbers of the insects were crushed to death under the wheels. At first, the surviving ants were thrown into confusion. But soon they found a way to stop the carnage. They dug a tunnel under each rail and proceeded serenely on their way!

The naturalist forgot all about his car. Amazed and delighted, he stopped the tunnels with stones to see what the ants would do next. The insects were undaunted! They constructed a fresh pair of tunnels!

This incident is typical of a number of recent observations revealing the astonishingly humanlike reasoning power of insects. It is closely matched by the experience of an entomologist on Porto Santo Island, as described, like the Nicaraguan incident, by Major R. W. H.

Hingston, distinguished British naturalist, in *Problems of Instinct and Intelligence*, published by the Macmillan Company. This observer saw a swarm of ants coming through the window into his dining room. He tried to stop the invasion by spreading a sheet of fly paper across the window sill. But the ants refused to be balked. After a few of their number had been caught in the sticky stuff, their comrades ran off, but soon returned, carting sand and minute bits of wood. With these, they built tracks across the fly paper and so reached the sugar bowl!

Jean Henri Fabre, the famous French biologist, stoutly maintained that the behavior of insects was directed by unconscious promptings of blind instinct. That contention now is challenged by Major Hingston. His findings, some of them fairly startling in their revelation of insect ability to reason and remember, rather bear out the theory of Lord Avebury, the British entomologist who, some years ago, shocked the world with the statement that insects are thinking creatures and that ants rank next to man in intelligence.

Among the most interesting of Major Hingston's observations was that of a species of ant inhabiting Central India which not only keeps "cattle" but in tending them shows as much care, cunning, and resourcefulness as any human herdsman! It has long been known that many ants keep "cows," other insects called aphids which excrete a sweet fluid; that the ants "milk" these "cows" by stroking their backs, and even build "stables" in which to house them! But it was left for Major Hingston to discover that, in emergencies, the ants know exactly how to protect their herds and how to catch them if they try to escape from their corrals!

The insect "stables" usually are in the form of oval or tunnel-shaped chambers made of bits of grass interwoven with silk. Major Hingston watched ants driving one of the "cows" up a stem toward its shed. They coaxed it on, urging it from behind with their antennae, just like human cattle drovers! If it tried to turn back, they pushed it; if it went off along a side stem, one of the pair ran out beyond it and drove it back to the right road.

One day, he found on the branch of a tree a "stable" in which the wind had torn a large hole. The "cattle" were escaping down the tree. Four ants went quickly after the runaways, got

below them, and cut them off! They probed them with their antennae, bit at them with their jaws, and drove them back to the damaged shed. They got them in, guarded the opening for a while, and later in the day repaired the hole!

Major Hingston found judgment and resourcefulness of a different order in the doings of a tribe of powerful excavating ants. The ants had made a nest on the side of a bank. The ejected earth ran down from it in a steep chute, like a landslide on the face of a hill. As each ant carried out its load, it slipped on the loose material and tumbled to the bottom of the slope. But after some days of slipping and falling the builders devised an ingenious plan. They constructed a parapet!

This is how it was done: One particular ant collected pebbles near the foot of the slope, dragged them up, and spread them out in the form of a platform at the top, just outside the mouth of the nest. On this parapet the excavators could walk with safety, and after that not one of them fell down the slope!

Similar ingenuity is demonstrated in the nest-building activities of the red tropical tree-ant, which builds its house by drawing leaves together and fastening their edges with silk. The ants stretch across from leaf to leaf, gripping the edge of one

leaf with their jaws, the edge of the other with their hind legs. Then they pull, and the leaves come together. If the leaves are so far apart that single ants cannot span the gap, the workers link themselves together in pairs. One grips the other by the waist, and in this way they almost double their length. If the gap is still wider, three or even four join the chain.

The pulling is done with fine teamwork. The ants range themselves side by side like little soldiers. The jaws of all grip one edge; the hind legs of all grip the opposite edge. Together they haul, like sailors hoisting the mainsail on a ship.

Then comes the stitching! Ants cannot make silk themselves, but their larvae possess it for cocoon-making purposes. Now, as soon as the leaves have been drawn together, an ant appears with a larva in its jaws. It lifts the larva from side to side and gently applies its head to the edges of the adjacent leaves. Wherever the larva touches a leaf it attaches a thread of silk. One of the most wonderful features of this performance is that the tiny larva actually coöperates with the ant! It never neglects to affix a thread, and bends its head to the leaf each time it is lowered by the ant. This process continues for days! When one larva

is exhausted, another is brought. Millions of threads are woven back and forth in this manner, and in the end the leaves are firmly "sewn" with a strong white layer of silk.

Speaking of teamwork, one of the most amazing manifestations of manlike intelligence in ants is the relay system several species employ on the hunt. The foraging ants of South America enter a house, ascend in regular files to the rafters, and there chase and capture cockroaches. Then they pitch their victims to the floor, where another regular file of "porters" has been waiting. These carry the cockroaches to the nest as fast as the "hunters" pitch them down!

A wonderful example of purely instinctive knowledge of insects is the way spiders keep from committing suicide in their own webs. To avoid being caught in the sticky snare it prepares for other insects, it carefully oils its body with a substance it squeezes from its salivary glands.

The marvelous instinctive knowledge of anatomy displayed by the wasp in paralyzing its prey is almost sufficient to make a surgeon turn green with envy! It stings its victim in the nervous ganglia and injects a fluid which acts like an anesthetic. Thus it paralyzes the nerve tissue while keeping the prey alive for its larvae!

All Clear!

Condensed from Collier's Weekly (July 27, '29)

Mark Barr

THERE is a quiet chap smoking his pipe as he putters in his Surrey garden, who smiles as he remembers his great triumph in science. He is still as little known as he was before his incredible experiment—but not so poor, because England was grateful.

You remember the Zeppelin raids on London, of course. Feeling safe in her isolation and in the history of 2000 years free from hostile arms, London, astonished, suddenly found herself in the thick of action. It grew to be a war within a war—the Zepelins against London, with Herr Mathy against an unknown man who was slow in appearing—a quiet chap, Pomeroy by name.

In 1914, on Christmas Eve, the one day in the year when people can least bear to think of war, the first bomb dropped on England. On Christmas Day another Zeppelin came, but was driven off at the mouth of the Thames. Then a New Year's visit, and this time there was death in England. Mathy was learning the lay of the English countryside. He learned it so well that later, when not a light glimmered in all England at

night, he could follow the dull silver ribbon of the Thames, calling off the prominent buildings of London-town at this and that bend.

This was the manner of enemy we had; and his companion aces, Hirsch and Becker and the others, were almost as clever, certainly as brave. So London set desperately about the work of defense. The means at hand were inadequate: gallant lads spinning into the air in mechanical box-kites, ground gunners hurling one-pounders and five-pounders and shrapnel into the night skies more hopefully than accurately.

All Londoners jumped to the task of home defense. Men and women toiled 20 hours a day to put a ring of searchlights 40 miles in diameter around London. Young Lieutenant Warneford in his airplane managed to bring down a Zeppelin, not by firing uselessly into the bag—2000 bullet holes had failed to bring down an airship, owing to its many inflated compartments—but by zooming in the face of its machine guns and mowing down the officers at their gondola controls. He got the Victoria Cross; but he was killed in the next

week. What we needed was a bullet that would ignite the Zeppelin gas.

Bombs began to fall often in London. Many were killed. And Mathy and his crowd went scot free. The results of the bombs varied greatly. The worst effect was that of a 700-pound charge of nitroglycerine which damaged no less than 400 buildings. There was a year of this sort of thing. Casualties and destruction grew worse. Something must be done.

The Inventions Board was organized hastily with strict orders to listen to every idea, suggestion, or plan. Some three hundred scientists were furnished with research facilities without stint, and set to work at the problem. I was one of these scientists. Then suddenly a message came to us — "Cease work." Somebody had perfected a bullet. Who, we wondered?

One day there had come into the harassed Inventions Board a quiet sort of man named Pomeroy.

"I've a scheme for burning the Zeppelins," he said timidly to an aide.

"What is it?" asked the aide, as patiently as is possible for a man who had listened to a thousand fruitless schemes.

"It's quite simple, sir. All you've got to do is put a pinch of dynamite in the nose of a machine-gun bullet and when it hits the Zeppelin — pop she goes!"

"Won't work. Sorry!" said the aide.

"But it has worked. I fired my bullet into a brick wall and it blew the bricks apart."

"There's your answer, Pomeroy! Dynamite will explode that way, but not if it strikes the soft silk of a Zeppelin bag. You see, dynamite is nitroglycerine made safe by soaking it up in infusorial earth so that it loses its dangerous habit of going off at a feather's touch."

Pomeroy, keenly disappointed, went back to his little bicycle shop where his only research equipment was an old rifle and a bit of dynamite. But the very next day he was back. He sought out the same aide.

"I tried my bullet on a bit of silk — and it worked!"

The aide probably thought now that he was dealing with a mildly demented man; but Pomeroy persisted, and finally succeeded in getting a member of the Board to come and look at his invention. It must have been a rare scene in the bicycle shop; a man who knew nothing of science arranging a demonstration for a man who knew what dynamite *couldn't* do!

Pomeroy suspended a handkerchief, stretched it tightly on strings and fired his dynamite-nosed bullet through it; *and the bandkerchief went to ash.*

Presently the scientist was on

the tram, going home deep in thought. The tram itself was a perfect illustration of the secret overlooked by science which Pomeroy had quite innocently stumbled on. Here is the illustration: when you are in a tram or a train that is gathering speed, you are pressed back against your seat. In the same manner, the heavy infusorial earth of the dynamite in the bullet nose was set back, thus squeezing out in front a spray of pure nitroglycerine. And this would blow up on touching even a feather. The Admiralty at last had what it needed.

We found ourselves excitedly waiting for the next raid. The night of September 2, 1916 was a perfect night for a raid. Sure enough, after midnight we were awakened by the ground guns. I rushed to a window, thinking of Pomeroy. But soon the action began to die down; the ground fire ceasing and the searchlights fading. This could only mean a false alarm, or that the Zeppelins had got clean away.

Then suddenly there was a miraculous flare in the sky. All London was lit up by a glaring fireworks-red, as vivid as sunlight; and one great gasp went up from the millions of watchers in the city. The lurid light showed

people running from their houses into the streets. Two million cubic feet of hydrogen gas, and the great gasoline tanks made a light that was seen 20 miles away, and during more than half a minute the flaming airship dropped swiftly to earth.

Leefe Robinson was the pilot who had done it. He had hopped off at the first alarm, but everyone had missed the lone raider. Leefe scoured the clouds all the way to the coast, and was on his way home when he saw a dark shape below him — the Zeppelin LS-11, not Mathy's ship, sailing at 11,500 feet. Instantly he dived and poured his Pomeroy's into her. She burst into flames at once.

The enemy did not realize yet that we had a certainty of defense. Kapitän Mathy was still carrying on. But very soon the little Pomeroy bullets brought down the next Zeppelin — at Billericay. And then came the sign that the enemy had doubts. Mathy himself came at a new height — 14,000 feet. But the searchlights found him; a drum of Pomeroy's snapped aloft, and once again the night sky was scarlet — Mathy was dead.

That was the end. The Pomeroy bullets had saved London — had made England invulnerable from airship attack.



Does This Explain John D. Rockefeller?

Condensed from Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan (July, '29)

John K. Winkler

IN the years preceding the Civil War a buoyant, boastful man, bearded, keen-eyed, happy-go-lucky, possessing the thews of a bear and door-wide shoulders, drove a spanking horse from hamlet to hamlet in the Middle West. Approaching his immediate destination he would halt and slick up his appearance, changing his rough homespun shirt for a white-bosomed starched affair and, in lieu of a cravat, inserting a great diamond at the neck. A swallow-tailed coat completed a striking ensemble.

Thus attired, he'd flourish into town with a whoop and rein up before post office or hotel. The ogle-eyed citizenry naturally assembled with a rush. "Howdy, folks," beamed the big, impressive stranger; "fine day. Here's my card," and he ladled out gaudy handbills, reading:

DR. WILLIAM A. ROCKEFELLER
The Celebrated Cancer Specialist
Here for One Day Only!
All Cases of Cancer CURED
Unless Too Far Gone
And Then They Can be Greatly
BENEFITED!

Now the celebrated specialist began his spiel! It was a good one. Humor and anecdote were mingled with statistics and subtle

warnings against rashes and sores. In those days cancer was the curse of the countryside and the spellbinder usually was able to dispose of a dozen or two bottles of his own decoction at two dollars a bottle, cash in hand.

Like most quack remedies the concoction was harmless. Taken thrice daily, mingled with memories of its inventor and sole disseminator, it may have evoked a spirit of optimism that augured well for any ill.

However, Doc Rockefeller (if you'd known him five minutes you'd just naturally call him either "Doc" or "Bill") had other ways of witching dollars into his pocket. He'd trade horses, shoot at marks, wrestle or jump against the best local cap and feathers. Generally, at the conclusion of such impromptu contests, the doc would be found glued to the greenbacks.

An unusual man was this pre-bellum racketeer: shrewd, swaggering, tricky, withal rollicking, generous and a hail fellow. And from him John D. Rockefeller imbibed his earliest knowledge of business principles. For the horse-trading, sport-loving quack doctor was John D.'s father.

"To my father I owe a great debt," says John D. "He taught me the principles and methods of business." A hint of what these principles were was once given by Doc Rockefeller to an Ohio crony: "I cheat my boys every chance I get. I want to make 'em sharp. I trade with the boys and skin 'em and I just beat 'em every time I can. I want to make 'em sharp."

John D. was never a poor struggling country boy in the Horatio Alger sense. Doc Rockefeller's home, his clothes, his horses were always finer than those of his neighbors. John D. himself has stated that his father was sufficiently prosperous to set aside \$1000 as a gift to each of his three sons at 21. His own thousand was turned over to him at 19 to enable him to go into business for himself. However, the father reminded: "John, you'll have to pay me interest for the next two years. The rate is ten."

Doc Rockefeller once related with relish how he "skinned" his fledgling son during this period. When John was 20 his father told him that he would "give him his time" for \$40 cash in hand. This meant that the son would be released from obligation to turn over to his father all his earnings until he attained his majority. This was the apprenticeship custom of the time.

John paid over the money to his father. The father, however, at once began to collect board money from his son and when the latter expostulated turned upon him with the triumphant cry: "You bought your time, didn't you? What you're getting now is your own, ain't it? Well, you have to pay me board." John D. paid.

John D.'s mother differed from her boisterous mate as does noon from midnight. She was a strong, purposeful woman. She reared her six children by rule of rod. She believed in the literal Bible, hell-fire and damnation, a just God and a redeeming Christ. She "raised her children right."

The contradictory strains that flow in John D. Rockefeller afford striking explanation of much that is mysterious in his colossal life. Does the mother strain appear in Rockefeller, the pious churchman, the great philanthropist, the home-loving husband and parent? The father strain in Rockefeller, the ruthless business genius, creator of the most powerful monopoly the world has ever known?

William A. Rockefeller passed on at a great age, within the present century, in seclusion and undoubtedly under an assumed name. More and more as his sons attained prominence, he slipped into the background. His last public appearance was in

1902. In September of that year he visited John D. at the latter's estate in East Cleveland. John D. quietly arranged a reunion with several of the old cronies who had known his father half a century before in Strongsville, Ohio. From that moment William A. Rockefeller passed into the mist. On Feb. 2, 1908, Frank Rockefeller admitted that his father was alive, but "his whereabouts concerns no one but his immediate family." John D.'s mother died in 1889.

Assuredly John D. is a freak of nature, mentally and physically. Twenty-odd years ago he looked like a mummy. His skin was as colorless as desert holly. Mystifying digestive maladies had swept away his hair, even the eyelashes and all but a wisp of eyebrow. Strangely, his teeth were not affected. He has not a single false tooth. But Rockefeller has come back and come back smiling. He tackled ill health with the astonishing mastery he had displayed in business and in life, and won.

One day his joints creaked under the strenuous massaging of an osteopath. "Listen to that, doctor," remarked John D. wryly. "They say I control all the oil in the country and I haven't enough even to oil my own joints."

He had an eye for profits almost

from infancy. Today he maintains flocks of turkeys just to remind himself that the first dollar he earned (at the age of eight) came from his cultivation of turkeys.

Once he worked ten days hoeing potatoes for a farmer. His reward was \$3.50. "I saved every penny of that money," he recollects. "But it occurred to me that if I had saved \$50, and had put it out at seven percent interest, the annual interest alone would bring me in as much as I had earned by those ten days of hard labor. So I determined to make money work for me."

Thirty years ago, Rockefeller was dour and secretive, avoiding the public gaze. "John, why don't you answer these slanders?" asked a friend. "Why do you permit people to call you a liar, a hypocrite, and a crook?"

John D. pointed downward, to a worm that wriggled along the path of his estate, and remarked: "If I step on that worm I will call attention to it. If I ignore it, it will disappear."

Today, Rockefeller basks in the world-wide approval which has greeted his gifts of almost \$750,000,000 to science, religion and education. He is serene in the knowledge that he was the first to organize mass production and distribution and lead the expansion that has made yesterday's luxuries today's commonplaces.

Better Jobs and More of Them

Condensed from The Century Magazine (July, '29)

*William Trufant Foster and Waddill Catchings, co-authors of "Money,"
and "Profits"*

LAST November Mr. Hoover requested the coöperation of all the States with the Federal Government in using public expenditures for the purpose of preventing unemployment. Since that time he has expressed his intention of making this policy a major concern of his administration. How can this Policy be made effective?

First of all, any such program requires a long-range planning of public works. Decisions concerning the projects which are to be started in time of special need must be reached well in advance of a decline of business. Advance arrangements must also be made for employing public credit promptly when the need arises.

In order to determine when the need does arise, the Government must have better measurements of economic trends. Most important of these are index numbers of unemployment, consumer income and retail prices. An index number enables us to sum up miles of statistics in a single figure. When, for example, we arbitrarily represent the average of commodity prices in 1926 by the index number 100, and we

find that the index number last week was 97, we know that prices are three percent below the 1926 level.

These three requisites — construction plans, public credit and economic indexes — will enable Federal, State and local governments not only to increase public expenditures promptly when private business lags, but also to decrease expenditures promptly when private business forges ahead too rapidly.

The primary purpose of the plan is to *prevent* unemployment. Increased expenditures are to be made as soon as statistics show the *beginnings* of a business slump.

Though accurate index numbers are now always available, there is still a serious lack of statistics on unemployment. Last January the Department of Labor declared that it had "no information whatever as to the numbers unemployed at this or any other time." Yet unemployment, as Mr. Hoover insists, can only be dealt with when its extent and nature is known. "To my mind," says the President, "there is no economic failure so terrible as

that of a country possessing a surplus of every necessity of life, with numbers anxious to work, deprived of those necessities." And, again, "For our attack on the problem, we must have this fundamental information about those who are unemployed." As an important step in this direction next year, the Census will include statistics of unemployment.

But, it may be asked, is it possible to speed up enough public construction at certain times, and to postpone enough at other times? Is there sufficient flexibility to render the plan practicable? When Oregon needs a new highway, or the Mississippi needs flood prevention, they need it immediately. These things do not wait the advice of statisticians.

There is something to this objection, of course; but not much. Actually, the amount of money spent on public works in any given year is not determined mainly by the degree of need. If a thousand miles of roads are built this year in Ohio, it is not because those roads are particularly needed this year. They were needed last year. Not merely need, but a hundred other considerations now determine the capital outlay by Federal, State and local governments. Surely, it is wise to give weight to one more consideration: that is, the effect of such expenditures on

wages and unemployment, and consequently on the happiness of millions of people, especially those in greatest need. Certainly there is enough flexibility to make the plan feasible.

But how, it is asked, can a horde of laborers suddenly be moved from New England mill-towns to Nevada deserts? That is another objection which becomes less impressive the more one examines it. For when, under the proposed policy, a business depression was threatening, Government expenditures would be increased not merely in Nevada, but throughout the country. That is one reason why President Hoover asks the help of all the States in carrying out the Policy. In point of fact, the actual distribution of public construction throughout the United States, during the last ten years, indicates little need for geographical mobility of labor.

Even so, how can such construction give jobs to all the workers who are jobless? Most of these idle men and women cannot lay bricks, pour cement or even dig ditches. That is true. But it is also true that increased expenditures for public works add to the demand for cement, steel, lumber, iron and hundreds of other commodities — shovels, trucks, office supplies, architect's plans and all the rest. For this reason, not all the money spent on a

local job goes into local pay envelopes.

Of still wider import is the fact that nearly all these wages are promptly spent for oranges, hats, radios, newspapers, movie tickets and countless other things that make up a typical family budget. Everybody in Akron understands that. When employment in the tire factory increases 30 percent, the whole city cheers up. For the wages are spent for a thousand things. That is why it is impossible to add many men to the pay-rolls of any industry without helping to sustain employment in all other industries.

Some people object to this Policy for fear that tax receipts will be wasted in carrying out emergency projects. That is precisely what the Policy aims to avoid. Not a single dollar would be spent merely to create jobs. As a matter of fact such waste is precisely what happens now whenever, in the depths of a business depression, we hastily hand out jobs without having planned work well in advance. To cite a single case, one city employed a squad of men in 1921 to carry stones across a field, and the next day employed another squad to carry the stones back. How much better if emergency work had been carefully laid out in advance!

The proposed Policy, obviously, is not a complete solution

of the problem of unemployment. As long as producers are free to take risks, and consumers are free to buy what they please — indeed as long as business is free to use new inventions — no single measure will guarantee work at all times for those who want work. But, indirectly, taking up the slack of employment helps everybody, everywhere. And the greater part of the slack can be taken up by keeping wages, and thus consumer-buying, steady.

Pay-rolls will be fairly well maintained by business men as long as they *think* that business is going to be good; for in that state of mind, they will increase their own capital expenditures rapidly enough to *make* business good.

This brings us to a point of major importance. Those who have given most study to the proposed plan do not expect that the chief source of increased consumer income will be increased public expenditures. It is expected that private concerns, notably railroads and public utilities, encouraged by the assurance that governments will act if necessary, will so act in their own interests as to make large increases in government expenditures unnecessary.

That, as we understand it, is the core of President Hoover's Policy for providing better jobs and more of them.

Everybody Ought to Be Rich

Condensed from The Ladies' Home Journal (August, '29)

An Interview with John J. Raskob by Samuel Crowther

LET us say that a man is rich when he has an income from invested capital which supports him and his family comfortably. That amount of prosperity ought to be attainable by anyone.

People should make it their business to understand how wealth is produced. Wealth is not created in dens of iniquity. And if wealth is not so evenly distributed as it ought to be and can be, part of the reason is the lack of systematic and sensible investment.

One class of investors saves money and puts it into banks. Such funds are valuable, but they do not lead to wealth. A second class tries to get rich all at once, and buys any wildcat securities that promise immense returns. A third class holds that the return from interest is not enough to justify savings, but has too much sense to buy fake stocks — and so saves nothing. Yet all the while wealth has been here for the asking.

The common stocks of this country have in the past ten years increased enormously in value because the business of the country has increased. Ten thousand dollars invested ten years

ago in the common stock of General Motors would now be worth more than a million and a half dollars. And this is only one of many first-class industrial corporations.

Now anyone may read that and sigh over a lost opportunity. But I would advise that person to take advantage of similar present-day opportunities. I think we have scarcely started to increase the wealth of this country.

Some 20 years ago I helped to start some trusts. The plan provided for the saving of \$15 per month for investment in equity securities only. There were no stocks bought on margin, no money borrowed, nor any stocks bought for a quick resale. Fifteen dollars per month equals \$180 a year. In 20 years, therefore, the total savings amounted to \$3600. Yet actually each of these investments is now worth well in excess of \$80,000. Invested at 6 percent, this \$80,000 would give the trust beneficiary an income of \$400 a month.

Suppose a man marries at the age of 23 and begins a regular saving of \$15 a month — and almost anyone can do that. At the end of 20 years, if he invests in

good stocks and allows the dividends to accumulate, he should have at least \$80,000.

The chief difficulty in such a program is for the young man to find a medium for investment. Recently I have been advocating the formation of an equity securities corporation: a corporation that will invest in common stocks under careful supervision. This company will buy common stocks and issue its own certificates against them. This stock will be offered from time to time at a price to correspond exactly with the value of the assets of the corporation and all the profits will go to the stockholders. I am not at all interested in a private investment trust.

In addition to this company, a discount company should be organized. Suppose a young man had \$200 to invest. This discount company would loan him \$300 and thus enable him to buy \$500 of the equity securities investment company stock. He would then pay off his loan in regular monthly instalments, and before long would own outright the \$500 stock. Such a plan would make it easier for him to save something each month.

Everyone ought to be rich, but it is out of the question to make people rich in spite of themselves.

The millennium is not at hand. One cannot have all play and no work. But it has been sufficiently

demonstrated that many of the old and supposedly conservative maxims are untrue. No one, for instance, can become rich merely by saving. Putting aside a sum each week in a sock, or at very low interest, will not make a man independent. Saving of this kind may be a virtue as a kind of mental and moral discipline, but it cannot be regarded as a financial plan. To save constructively, the money must be invested in the means of production.

Most of the old precepts contrasting the evil of speculation with the good of investment have no basis in fact. If one buys a debt — that is, takes a secured bond or mortgage at a fixed rate of interest — then that is supposed to be an investment. In this case, the principal sum as well as the interest is fixed and the investor cannot get more than he contracts for. If the borrower defaults, the borrower can take the property offered in security. But possibly that property will not be worth the principal sum of the debt when it falls due; the creditor must take that chance.

The investor, then, strictly limits his possible gain, but he does not limit his possible loss. Also, he speculates against the interest rate. If his security pays 4 percent and money is worth 6 or 7 percent then he is lending at less than the current rate.

The buyer of a common share

in an enterprise limits neither his gains nor his losses. However, he excludes one element of speculation — the change in the value of money. For whatever earnings he gets will be in current money values.

The line between investment and speculation is a very hazy one, and a definition is not to be found in the legal form of a security or in limiting the possible return on the money. The difference is rather in the approach.

Placing a bet is very different from placing one's money with a corporation which has thoroughly demonstrated that it can normally earn profits and has a reasonable expectation of earning more. That may be called speculation, but it would be more accurate to think of it as going into business with men who have demonstrated that they know how to do business.

The old view of debt was also illogical. Every old saw about debt is bound up with borrowing instead of earning. Suppose a man needs a certain amount of money in order to buy a set of tools or anything else which will increase his income. He can take one of

two courses. He can save the money and in course of time buy his tools, or he can, if proper facilities are provided, borrow the money at a reasonable rate of interest, buy the tools and immediately so increase his income that he can pay off his debt and own the tools within half the time that it would have taken him to save the money and pay cash. By borrowing the money he steps into prosperity at once.

Without the facility for going into debt, the great addition of wealth in our country might never have taken place. Debt may be a burden, but it is more likely to be an incentive.

Savings that are to count cannot be static. They must be going into the production of wealth. They may go in as debt and the managers of the wealth-making enterprises take all the profit over and above the interest paid. That has been the course recommended for saving and for the reasons that have been set out — the fallacy of conservative investment which is not conservative at all.

The way to wealth is to get into the profit end of wealth production in this country.



Vultures of Religion

Condensed from Travel (August, '29)

Dhan Gopal Mukerji, Author of "A Son of Mother India Answers"

MY American friend and I reached a terrace in Benares where the fakirs were assembling to beg alms. Seeing us come, one fellow lay down on the road and began to beat his chest with both his fists. He was clamoring, "O stranger, O foreigner, have pity on one whose intestines are being eaten by remorse for his sins. Keep me alive with your charity so that I can suffer long for my sins."

The next man we came to was a long-haired fakir, reclining almost naked on a host of sharp spikes which projected through a board. We had met the fellow before.

"Ho, old friend, do you recognize us?" I asked.

"Indeed, I do, particularly your foreign friend who gives alms like a king."

"I will give you money if you will tell me why you do this," said my friend.

"For three rupees I will enlighten thee," bargained the rogue.

"Done," agreed my friend.

"You see, O thunder of charity," began the adroit fakir, "no money can be made serving the *sircar*, the government. Men with

college degrees hardly make 35 rupees per month. I could not sit in a fly-covered room earning so little by working nine hours a day. The day was given to man not that he might toil like a donkey, but that he might explore the realms of fancy. So I came hither. I examined the nail-sitters, the fire-walkers, and other fakirs whom foreigners call holy men. The imbecility of alien visitors is a gay thing. At last I went to a nail-sitter and begged him to teach me the art of sitting on sharp steel."

"You mean you chose your career?" asked my American friend.

"Yes, O fathoms of benevolence, and my teacher was kindness itself. Without charging a penny he showed me how to rub my person with oil and a special kind of herb-juice. After these had numbed my sensitiveness, he ordered me to occupy my place. At first I went and sat in gingerly fashion on my bed of iron thorns. There are five families of smiths here who make their living by manufacturing these beds of spikes."

"And how long do you sit on this bed?" I asked.

"Never more than two hours in the morning, and sometimes an hour before sundown. But that requires the extra expenditure of oil, herb-juice and rubbing. It all depends on the nature of my market. If their numbers are great and if the pilgrims are eager to pay me, I sit three hours."

"How long did it take you to master this art? Do you use any drugs now?"

"I mastered my art in a month's time. I take every precaution even now. After all I am no fool. Though my body is covered with callouses yet it is wise to be careful. Once I was carelessly scratched by a nail, and this nail-poisoning caused me to hide in my village for ten days."

"How much do you make per day?"

"To be truthful, sir," the rascal answered demurely, "I make in two hours what a college graduate clerk does in 15 days in a government office. It is not a bad trade — besides the hardships that we undergo are genuine."

My friend paid his stipulated price, then asked him a last question: "Are you a holy man?"

"Why should I be holy?" shouted the fakir. "I am an

honest nail-sitter. It is usually the foreign fools that consider men of my ilk holy. Every European pays me in order to photograph me. He generally calls me holy."

By now the place was filling up with pilgrims. Beggar after beggar, lying or sitting beside the road, beat his chest with his fists. Some plucked out tufts of hair — false hair — as repentance for their past sins. Still others shut their eyes and sat playing blind-men, thus rousing the pity of the public. Money fell in their begging bowls most merrily.

I took my noon meal that day with a holy man in one of Benares' monasteries. "Why do we folk have to have so many fakirs whom foreigners take for holy men?" I asked him.

"My son," he said, "if those frauds outside were not posing as holy for the multitudes, how could we maintain the science of holiness within these walls? Because those fakirs and tricksters hold the attention of the solitude-destroying multitudes, and leave us to think in peace, we should be grateful. They are holy only to foreigners and to a very few of our own people. Let them remain so."



The Snuggest Harbor in the World

Condensed from *The Mentor* (August, '29)

Harry Tecumseh Cook

IN a musty Chamber of Commerce record dated 1768 is the name of Thomas Randall, renowned sea captain and maker of colonial history.

Details as to his actual accomplishments are meager. But tales of his exploits as a privateer seem to show that the doughty old sea captain was not always engaged in commendable pursuits. One writer of the time even describes him as "a rough, burly, roistering pirate who was feared from one end of the Atlantic coast to the other."

At the beginning of the Revolution the old captain, fired with patriotic zeal, abandoned entirely the ways of piracy and turned his talents to the extermination of the British Navy. Thus he became one of the heroes of the day, a social figure in New York, and one of the gentlemen who presented George Washington with the "President's Barge" when he visited New York for his first inauguration. Washington sent him a warm letter of appreciation.

And so Captain Randall, now a respected person, bought the 21-acre Minto farm bordering on the Bowery Lane in New York

City. For this he paid 5000 York pounds (\$12,500) and settled down to the peaceful existence of a country gentleman. Upon his death the property was inherited by his son, Robert Richard Randall.

Robert Richard Randall also is said to have followed the sea, and had the title of captain. Perhaps, at the end of his life, he wished to atone for the trespasses of his father. At any rate, moved by a desire to aid seafaring men in their old age, he sent for his friend Alexander Hamilton, and instructed him to draw up a will leaving his entire estate to the establishment and maintenance of a home for worn-out sailors, to be known as the "Sailors' Snug Harbor." The will was contested by relatives for 29 years after his death, but withstood all legal attacks.

The land, which was farming territory then, is now in the heart of downtown New York. The administration of the trust was put into the hands of a committee of officers in various organizations. They decided to lease the city property, and used the proceeds to acquire the 150-acre farm on the banks of the Kill von Kull at West New Brighton, Staten

Island. On August 1, 1833, the institution was declared open.

Fifty seamen were admitted that first year. Since then it has sheltered more than 6000. The average number of inmates is something over 800.

There are more than 30 pretentious buildings on the reservation, which include a hospital, sanitarium, motion picture theater, two churches, the governor's residence, and eight fine, stately buildings used as dormitories and mess halls.

The Sailors' Snug Harbor is one of the richest foundations in the United States. The income from the estate in 1806 was about \$4000. Today the Harbor's total holdings are valued at more than \$30,000,000. Its resources are increasing at a speed that is distracting to the directors. What it will be a quarter of a century hence is impossible to forecast.

Captain Randall's will makes Snug Harbor an immortal thing. It is iron-bound and the money therein set aside can be used only for the maintenance of disabled and infirm seamen. Captain Randall clearly had in mind only deep-sea sailing men. In his day steamboats were undreamed of. But fortunately the trustees have placed steam-sailing men on an

equal footing with sailing men. The only restriction required for admission to the Harbor is that the applicant be 60 years of age and that he be decrepit and destitute. Exceptions, however, are made occasionally where the man is disabled, in which case he may be admitted at an earlier age.

The Sailors' Snug Harbor guests are a happy lot and nothing has been overlooked to make their last days peaceful and contented. No inmate is required to do any menial labor, all he is asked to do is to keep his room clean and make his bed.

On the grounds of the institution is a small artificial lake where the old salts gather to sail their miniature ships, modeled by themselves. On the northeast shore of the pond is a small light-house, built and tended by the men. In the basement of the main building are numerous workshops where the old sailors may spend their idle moments making hammocks, nets, or ship models. There is a fine library of over 50,000 volumes, and a large billiard room.

And meantime, while the old salts engage in peaceful pastimes, the Sailors' Snug Harbor Association goes on automatically rolling up wealth year after year.



Henry Ford Talks to Young Men

Condensed from The American Magazine (August, '29)

M. K. Wisebart

"IF a boy is trying to fit himself for industrial leadership," I said to Mr. Ford, "how should he go at it? What are the important things for him to know?"

"There are five things which I believe are fundamental," returned Mr. Ford. "I'm willing to tell any boy what they are. They have to do with *cleanliness, investigation, putting to use that which you already have, belief in your ability to accomplish that which you set out to do, and knowing how to spend money.*

"First, as to cleanliness: The first advice I would give to any boy starting in today would be that he should learn to keep himself and everything around him clean. If he is able to do this, he is one in a thousand.

"Neatness — cleanliness — orderliness — the importance of these things is due to the fact that they have a great effect on the way a man's mind works. The man who keeps himself and all his tools clean is apt to do things well.

"Dirt is always evidence of waste, either of material or of mental and physical energy, or both."

Mr. Ford was once asked what he would do if he were called upon to take charge of a business that had failed. "No business I know of ever went to the wall without accumulating a vast pile of dirt," he answered. "The dirt and all that goes with it — untidy thinking and methods — helped to cause the failure. The first thing I would do would be to *clean that business up!*

"Some years ago in Pittsburgh," continued Mr. Ford, "I was watching them work iron. First they ran it into pig, and then remelted it and ran it into molds. It struck me that this was a slow process. It wasn't 'clean.' Today, we pour our iron from the blast furnaces directly into molds, for cylinder blocks and other parts. An inefficient process is almost invariably a 'dirty' one. All waste is a kind of dirt.

"Now as to the second point, *investigation.* You can look ahead into the future just about as far as you can look back into the past. 'Hindsight' is the balance of foresight, just as the root system of the tree is the balance for the branch system.

"I have in mind a man who

started out to make improvements in certain machinery. After spending a lot of time and money, the net results of his efforts were some devices not so good as those already existing. Because the job was undertaken without his knowing what had previously been accomplished by the designers of that kind of machinery, his work was a total loss.

"When a man sets out to do any kind of job that is new to him — to write a thesis, to design a machine, or to improve some industrial process — he must first *find out what has been done*. Investigate! You don't have to go at your work as though nothing had been done since the year 2000 B. C. Begin where the other fellow left off! Then there is a chance you will go forward and improve on what has been done before.

"When I was a boy I went from shop to shop, machine shops, boat shops, and others, in quest of knowledge. In some places I got into trouble. There were just about as many places from which I was kicked out as there were places in which I was welcomed. These shops were my school. I conducted my investigations and got all the knowledge I could about what had been achieved mechanically *by traveling around*.

"Then it is necessary to apply one's knowledge. Some men spend

all their lives inquiring, and never *do*. Once you have studied a problem and have got together all the information you *can* get, don't wait to see if you can hit on some idea that will make the rest come easy and solve the problem before you begin it. Get started! Apply what you already know! Make the best use you can of what you've got. In this way you will get further experience. Most of our so-called new things are only new combinations of old things, anyway. By *doing* you will find out what more you need to know; you will get more and more experience, more and more knowledge, and be able to do more and more things.

"That is one of the really great secrets of all achievement, in my opinion. *Education comes to us as the result of trying to do things. Success is in doing them — in finding out what you can do, and in doing it right.*

"And never let yourself think that you cannot accomplish what you set out to! There is no young man, no grown man, living who cannot do more than he thinks he can. Look at how Edison started: A newsboy on trains running between Port Huron and Detroit. He was not satisfied with doing just that. He fitted up a laboratory in the corner of the baggage car and in his spare time tried chemical experiments. Once something he was doing blew up

and set the car on fire and the baggage man threw him off the train. But that didn't stop him. He printed a newspaper in that baggage car, made up of items picked off the telegraph wires, and sold the papers on the train.

"If there is one thing I know absolutely, it is this: Everyone can do more than he thinks he can. Doubtless we all have limitations, but we don't know what or where they are. Anybody can walk right through the boundaries we ordinarily believe are our limitations.

"Never be afraid of tackling a job you've never done before!"

"What about the young man and his money?" I asked.

"Wise spending is a creative accomplishment," was the answer. "Of itself, money is the least valuable thing on earth. It is valuable only when it is used as a tool for self-improvement, or to accomplish some end worth while. Saving, as it has been schooled into boys in the past, gives money altogether too high a place.

"What right has a boy got to save money? His job is not to accumulate dollars, but to use them to prepare himself with the training, knowledge, and experience which every leader needs. In the past, boys have been taught to save so that they

might not go to the poorhouse in their old age. *But no boy who learns how to spend money ever lands in the poorhouse!* So I say to boys, 'Spend your money! Spend it for things that will put you ahead of where you were yesterday! It is time enough to save when you can earn more than you can spend wisely.'

"If I were bringing up a boy today, I would see to it that he had two things, and I would make his education center around them: He would have a shop in which he could work with fine tools and he would have some money to spend — to invest in himself in order to develop himself and get experience. Putting money in the bank does not develop in a boy the qualities of imagination and leadership that every boy should be given a chance to acquire.

"Many persons think that by hoarding money they are gaining safety for themselves. If money is your only hope of independence, you will never have it. The one real security that a man can have in this world comes through some reserve of *ability* that he may have. As a general thing, a man ought to invest in himself until he is 40. Until that time, if he started at scratch, he isn't apt to have any surplus out of which to save."

High Hopes for the New Diplomacy

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine (July 28, '29)

Sir Philip Gibbs

THE arrival of General Dawes in England, his rush journey to the Scottish home of the newly elected Prime Minister of England with a speech in his pocket raising the most difficult and delicate problems of international relations, which he delivered two days later at a public banquet; the proposed visit of Ramsay MacDonald to the United States for informal conversations with President Hoover, and the speeding up of the disarmament problems by Mr. Hoover's own words are signs of a radical change in the world of diplomacy. It is the New Diplomacy, which has replaced old manners and methods, secretive, steeped in intrigue, conducted behind impenetrable screens.

As a journalist I came in contact with the old tradition, or rather I tried to get behind its barriers, and mostly failed. Before the war, embassies were like fortresses. The insolence of their young secretaries was past belief. They regarded themselves as belonging to a high and secret caste. They were educated to put on impenetrable masks. Their duty was to ferret out the trend of

political thought where they were stationed, to study the wire-pulling of leading statesmen, and to secure private tips with regard to secret treaties, alliances, understandings or disputes between that nation and other powers.

They endeavored to do so by social chit-chat with indiscreet ladies or with important personages who talked freely over their wine. Here and there a little bribery might help. Now and again a document was purloined. At least, that was the legend they built up about themselves and reported back to their chiefs.

The worst charge against the old diplomacy, and it is a grave one, is that intelligent democracies, had no control whatever over the relations between their own country and foreign powers. The people could unseat a government if it acted contrary to their will on domestic affairs, but they were blankly refused information on foreign affairs.

Until the actual declaration of war in 1914 the British House of Commons was without full knowledge of how far Great Britain was pledged to France in the event of a German attack. The French people were in utter

ignorance of the correspondence upon war preparations between Poincaré and the Russian War Minister. The Germans knew nothing of the intentions of the Emperor or the war party which ruled in the background.

The upholders of the old diplomacy maintain that it kept the peace in Europe rather well and rather long. They argue that if the fine web of diplomacy, the delicate checks and balances of international relationship, the private compromises, the secret understandings, the chance conversations of Kings and Ambassadors, a nod here, a wink there, a special mission by a prince or a politician, a warning uttered at a dinner table, and all the finesse of diplomats playing at poker for world risks had been replaced by the appeal to popular passion and opened to public criticism, the fat would have been in the fire much sooner and more often. But I believe that argument is the eyewash of a strongly entrenched caste.

The tradition that foreign affairs are beyond the judgment of the "common people" and belong to the holy of holies which the mob must not penetrate — though it is the mob which does most of the dying when things go wrong — has not yet been abandoned. In Europe today, in spite of the League of Nations, there exists a crop of treaties

about which democracy has had little to say. The French Foreign Office does its work without much consultation of public opinion. The dictator of Italy does not allow criticism of his treaties. It saves trouble and Mussolini knows best, or says he does. And so it goes.

Nevertheless, a transition is taking place. Since the war, for instance, the press has been allowed a fair amount of information officially. At Geneva during the most important international crises it was the regular habit of the British delegate to hold receptions of the British journalists once a day and to tell them the inside story of the negotiations. This left a great deal to the journalist's honor and discretion, and the trust could have been abused; but at least the journalist knew what was actually happening and did not have to guess at the truth and make up fantastic stories. The same practice was adopted by the French, German and other delegates.

Perhaps the most startling sign of the new diplomacy after the war was the conversation between Herr Stresemann and M. Briand after Germany's admission to the League of Nations. When those two statesmen pledged themselves to work for the amity of France and Germany, to turn their backs upon the war of hatred between them

and to coöperate in securing the peace of Europe, there was no one present who doubted the sincerity of their words. Speaking as man to man, abandoning the cautious processes of the old diplomacy, getting down to common sense and practical methods, they made more progress in two hours than could have been attained by months of correspondence between their Foreign Offices.

In this case one must admit that the new diplomacy was not successful. It went in advance of public opinion and official judgment. Briand had to modify his concessions. Poincaré objected. Stresemann could not carry his conservative adherents. And that is a useful warning at the present time. The friendship of two statesmen like General Dawes and Ramsay MacDonald, a cordial agreement of opinion between them about vital matters affecting their nations, even their candor to the press and the journalistic interviewers, may be let down by their governments or repudiated by popular prejudice.

It is the fashion now for statesmen to talk aloud or to write in the newspapers. The older school of statesmen would turn in their graves to see the syndicated articles of Winston Churchill, Lloyd George or Ramsay MacDonald. The old reticence has gone.

Certainly the new diplomacy has its dangers and its limitations.

One cannot introduce the mob into the council rooms, or conduct delicate negotiations to the raucous shouts of party passion. But I am all for the new diplomacy, which in its essential spirit is an affirmation that democracy has a right to be consulted about the things in which the lives and prosperity of its individuals are engaged and that public opinion is likely to be more generous, more conciliatory, more optimistic than a group of experts.

I am not much of an optimist, but I am convinced that English public opinion at the present time is eager to meet American public opinion half way and more on the subject of naval reductions and world peace. And I believe most sincerely that all over Europe, with some exceptions, there is a general belief that President Hoover's blunt way of looking at facts and his obvious desire to speed up the advance to prosperity of the world's workers will lead to important results.

There is no need of secrecy in that line of policy. The new diplomacy may be as candid as it likes and blurt "indiscretions" which would have been kept as dark secrets by old-fashioned diplomats, because the younger crowd refuse to lend their bodies and souls to narrow-minded old gentlemen quietly arranging for the massacre of youth in the most delicate and diplomatic methods of the past.

Planting American Industries Abroad

Condensed from *The Magazine of Wall Street* (July 27, '29)

Theodore M. Knappen

THE other day a jute-consuming plant was moved from Ludlow, Maine, to a town in India. Its product will come back to this country in place of the raw material; high-standard white men are "out" of jobs in Ludlow and 30-cent-a-day brown men are "in" them in India.

Over in Germany is an American built and owned hardware factory employing 600 men. When the wheels of the plant began to turn, those of the original plant in the United States stopped accordingly.

It is estimated that there are 2000 branch or independent American factories abroad, and more are chronicled every day. Never has there been such a migration of industry. What does it portend to the world and the United States?

It may mean that in becoming the world's creditor nation we will become less and less its workshop and more and more its banking house; our investors may cut coupons endlessly for interest earned in far lands, whilst jobs at home grow scarce.

Moreover, we are sending abroad annually a quarter of a

billion dollars' worth of machines to equip and modernize foreign factories — thus increasing their productivity and their competitive power. The exportation of American shoe making machinery, for example, has already virtually eliminated shoe exports to Argentina, Mexico and Cuba; and American textile machinery in South America, the Orient and elsewhere is as surely displacing American textiles as it is increasing.

From a labor employment point of view the "pauper labor" of Europe might as well be allowed to migrate to the United States as to permit American factories to migrate to Europe and employ it there to make goods that displace the products of domestic plants and labor.

Of particular significance both to labor and to the American economic world in general is the case of the Ford tractor plant in Ireland. This plant is intended, deliberately intended, to supply Fordsons to the American as well as to the world market. Not a single Ford tractor will hereafter be made in this country. Rated as agricultural machinery, foreign-made tractors come into the

United States free of duty. In effect, Ford has exported a factory to Europe and has begun importing tractors. Similarly, his branch automobile factories (not merely assembling plants) in England, Germany and France and his construction of a plant for the Russian government, will crowd out his exports of machines to those countries, and probably others.

The purchase by the General Motors of the Opel plant, the largest producer of automobiles in Germany, is certainly not calculated to extend the market in Germany for American-made automobiles. The same company is said to be negotiating for the acquisition of the Citroen company in France.

The subtraction of such large potential exports from the made-in-America column does not on the face of it seem to bode good to American labor and American business in general. At first glance it would seem as if the exportation of American factories would just as inevitably result in the decrease of American exports of goods as that two from four leaves two.

Yet the ultimate effect of the multiplication of American factories abroad is not so simple as it first appears. It cannot be doubted that if the posed question were merely whether it is better to export goods than the

factories to make them the answer would be in favor of the export of goods. But what if an American product is embargoed or subject to such restrictions that it cannot enter a certain country profitably? It then becomes a question of establishing a factory in that country or simply not doing business there. The following are some of the factors that prohibit or restrict the exports of American factories to many countries and conversely tend to encourage the establishment of American factories in those countries:

1. Tariffs. 2. Transportation costs. 3. Labor costs. 4. Price of raw materials. 5. National pride and good will — your Britisher always believes that a British product is better than any other, and many other nationals would rather have home-made goods regardless of cost. 6. Patent laws and regulations.

The United States is not the only high protection country in the world. In many countries tariff duties are so high that foreign goods are barred out. France, for example, imposes a duty of 45 percent on automobiles. We are out of that market unless we own complete factories in France. Similarly an American branch factory in Canada not only gets behind the Canadian tariff wall but enjoys the advantages of the system of preferential rates that

exist between parts of the British Empire.

What would be the effect of producing American automobiles in those countries? Such automobiles would stimulate traffic, extend highways and intensify and widen all business in those countries. Living standards rise, wants multiply and demand increases. In a word, an American branch factory abroad, even though it means a complete cessation of exports of its product from the home country may have such ramifying effects as to increase the total of American exports.

If transportation costs of American goods to a given country are so high as to make competition difficult or impossible, it is obviously a national benefit if a branch factory be established there. If labor is so cheap in a foreign country that American-labor-made goods cannot be sold, it is better to make them in a native plant and get a share of the business.

The basic fact that lies below this whole situation is that every American factory abroad does tend to give the world more for less and add to the sum total of the world's business. America may never sell another cake of soap in France, but cheap American-method soap may blaze the way for American bathroom

equipment or laundry machinery. We have lost our shoe trade with the Argentine, but our total exports to that country expand like a filling balloon. Canada is dotted with American factories, every one of which, it can be demonstrated, takes bread out of the mouth of the mother factory at home, and yet, despite this greatest trek of ready-made industries that has ever been known our exports of manufactured goods to Canada mount from year to year like Jack's beanstalk. The reason is, of course, that every American plant in Canada, or anywhere else for that matter, immediately sets up new and more demands for American goods incidental to its operation or to the distribution or use of its goods.

On the whole we have to conclude that branch factories give us something we would not get otherwise. Their extension frequently will be characterized by locally or individually disastrous results, but with general benefit. Their development is comparable to the constant flux in the business world with the introduction of new machines and new methods. It ruins some men and some companies; it throws many men out of employment temporarily, and some permanently; it is marked by painful readjustments — but it is inevitable evolution.

Monogamy and the Motor Car

Condensed from *The North American Review* (August, '29)

Albert Russel Erskine, President of the Studebaker Company

IN this country, for the first time in history, we have achieved a culture based upon the dissemination to the common man of nearly all the benefits which have come from the increased productive capacity and wealth of our civilization. It is now generally recognized that the motor industry was the greatest of the new technical and industrial movements which brought this about.

To my mind the motor industry is contributing to a great rejuvenation and renaissance of that monogamic family life which is recognized by students of the social sciences as the primary requisite for any enduring progress.

The critics of modern America have been eager to point out certain changes which they interpret as a racial degeneration resulting from industrialism. We are told that the basis of our morals has been changed. This is said to be a result of urbanization. And urbanization is assumed to be an inevitable consequence of the machine age into which we have moved.

We are all familiar with such pessimistic observations. The

home is supposed to be dissolving. Girls are supposed to marry later in life. Babies are out of date. And all these calamities are promptly chalked up to the discredit of the machine age, of which the automobile industry is a most important and responsible factor.

Another type of criticism has warned us that the plenty and secularity which characterize modern life, as a result of the increased productive power of modern industry, have suspended the law of natural selection and therefore caused the preservation of vast numbers of weaklings who would have been ruthlessly exterminated in sterner and poorer times.

It seems to me that critics of both these schools have ignored readily available facts.

The conventional picture of the decaying family is usually based upon divorce statistics. But the divorce rate is very largely a consequence of the divorce laws of a particular locality. The fact that South Carolina has no divorces, while Nevada has an exotic divorce industry, does not mean that domestic infelicity increases with the distance from the At-

lantic seaboard. The number of divorces per thousand marriages is not now, and never was, an indication of the volume of matrimonial failures.

The next most popular theme has been a supposed exodus of women from the home. Yet the census shows that the percentage of women engaged in work outside the home *declined* between 1910 and 1920. There has been an increase in the number of women doing office and clerical work. But it is well known that these occupations are largely temporary for women; a large number of modern marriages originate from acquaintances begun in commercial life.

Hundreds of novels have been written in the last 25 years based on the theme that modern life denies men and women the benefits of matrimony and home life by delaying the age of marriage. Mark how plain a tale shall put them down. All we need is the census reports.

There was a greater proportion of married women in 1920 than in 1910 for women of every age between 14 and 45, and the increase was most marked for the women of younger years.

Year	Percent	Percent
	Married	Married
	1910	1920
18	17.0	19.2
20	36.2	38.4
22	50.7	52.9
24	62.0	64.2
25	65.7	67.8

In recent years, moreover, the American home has been flourishing as never before.

In 1921 there were 10,463,295 automobiles registered in the United States, and in 1927 the number had risen to 23,226,191. It has been calculated that the registration of seven automobiles automatically creates a new job for some man outside of the manufacturing division of the automobile industry. So the registration of this number of cars can be assumed to have given economic support to at least a million and one-half potential heads of families. Now it is interesting indeed to note that in the same period approximately 1,300,000 new single family dwellings were erected in 302 cities in the United States having a population of 25,000 or over. There is in that fact no indication of the decline of the American home.

Evidence of how the home is being improved, even as it is being multiplied, is found in the fact that the modern American home has more than ten times as much invested in mechanical contributions to comfort and luxury as had the same home in 1900. Such things as modern bathrooms, washing machines, electric sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, radios, telephones, and automobiles are found in a large percentage of homes today.

Of course it may be argued that

facts about such material objects do not prove that family life is flourishing; but while the American people are adding these conveniences to their homes, they are also increasing their provision for the future in the form of insurance, savings, and security investments by many billions of dollars per year. Such foresight exists only among a virile and healthy people. It is interesting to note, also, that the tremendous increase in home-building has been accomplished despite the fact that the cost of an average single family dwelling rose from \$3972 in 1921 to \$4830 in 1927.

Census figures show that the population of *suburbs* is growing faster than the population of cities. The automobile industry has been given credit by all observers for this decentralization of population. Concrete roads have increased from 15,991 miles in 1921 to 50,521 in 1927, and much of this mileage has threaded suburban districts, which have been centers of intense home-building.

In this connection, I quote a most interesting observation by our Department of Commerce at Washington.

The modern demand for greater outdoor recreational facilities, together with the safety that comes with less traveled streets and highways, is bringing about a constantly growing migration of families with children to the suburbs, while families without children are mov-

ing into the cities, where they may enjoy the greater convenience of apartment house life.

Bearing out this statement is a tabulation of figures recently made in Chicago which shows that a selective population process is now in progress. This tabulation shows

an average decline of births of 3.3 percent in all but two American cities over 500,000 population during the months between January and April, 1927, and the corresponding months of 1928.

The average decline in the large cities is in contrast with an average increase of 6.2 percent in smaller Illinois cities.

Perhaps it is unnecessary for me to note that increasing hospitalization of maternity cases is another evidence of the advancing standards of American suburban and rural life which have been conferred by the automobile and the improved highway.

We may have done away with the crude natural selection of barbaric warfare, but our economic system, in which the automobile plays an essential part, now leads to a new form of natural selection by which that part of the population which is naturally inclined to domestic life and the rearing of children is being segregated from that part which is not possessed of this social and racial urge. Thus, far from hampering the nation's advance, the automobile is actually proving a virtual guarantee of the American people's biological progress.

Luxurious Commuting

Condensed from *Country Life* (August, '29)

James Devine

IF we possessed the magic power to delve into the privacies of some of our friends who live along the water front adjacent to a great city, we would be able to see a picture something like this:

At about eight o'clock in the morning, a decorous butler enters the master's bedroom and announces the arrival of day. The master dons a sweater and robe, bids his wife adieu, then saunters out of the house toward his private boat landing.

He boards a long, white commuting boat — specially built to carry her owner to business. She is the perfect picture of symmetry and spotless beauty. The captain signals to the engineer below. A steward is preparing the morning meal. A sailor makes the craft clear, and she is soon on her way at a 35-mile clip, bound for New York and business.

On the way down, the master shaves, has a shower, enjoys his coffee and eggs from a breezy aft deck, then peruses the morning papers. Arriving at the local yacht club landing in the city, he steps into a waiting automobile and is soon in his office. After the work of the day is finished the

craft, with her owner again aboard, points her bow homeward, leaving the dusty, busy city behind.

During the summer months such a picture is far from uncommon, for the wealthy owner of a rural estate is able, by this means, to live in the country and really enjoy his trip to business. An increasing number of business men are adopting this practice, and each season finds specialized builders practically doubling their output on this type of craft. For example, in New York City it is estimated that between 35 and 40 luxurious commuting boats tie up each morning at the East River landing of the New York Yacht Club, not to mention the many smaller ones which are used for this purpose in other waterfront communities.

The problem of mooring space has prevented many additional urban residents from coming to business by water. However, some of the far-seeing boat manufacturers of the country have been at work for months, organizing and promoting municipal mooring plans for many waterfront cities in America.

Tradition

Excerpt from Harper's Bazar (August, '29)

Charles Hanson Towne

TRADITION means background. It means even more. It means roots. And not one of us but desires a feeling of permanence in a rushing world. Something to cling to. Something in which we may have faith.

Americans, until they go abroad, sometimes smile tolerantly at the European's reverence for crumbling towers. But they come home and seek fondly to restore the old mill which they had planned to tear down, or to let their walls grow dingy if they will, since they look so much better that way. Having had a glimpse, no matter how fleeting, of the beauty which only age acquires, they are anxious to have their young possessions take on the aspect and character of a century — after the truly American habit of getting everything done in a twinkling. But colors do not change swiftly. One must wait patiently for wind and weather; and Time refuses his most cherished gifts to those who prod him.

The old story is well remembered of the American who asked an Englishman how his countrymen acquired such rich and green lawns. "Ah," said the English-

man, "we simply sow the seeds — and then wait a hundred years."

Now, while it is all very well to venerate the past, one should not do so to the exclusion of the present. There is much trash linked up with what our ancestors cherished. An intelligent selective instinct is part of culture. I knew a go-getter traveler who was all for straightening the Leaning Tower of Pisa. He would have whitewashed the trunks of the trees on his front lawn had his wife permitted him to do so, or painted old pewter a brilliant red; and I am sure that the dim gray buildings of London annoyed him exceedingly, and that he considered thatched roofs an abomination. Everything must gleam and shine. We used to call him Mr. Glitter, in youthful derision. He could see the old Spanish missions of California only as excrescences on the landscape. If the world contained too many of his ilk, we should all have to say a fond farewell to ancient loveliness.

I confess to a weakness for the Crusaders; for a tree in Cambridge said to have been planted by Milton; for old-fashioned tangled gardens filled with phlox

and sweet-william rather than a hothouse rich with orchids and tuberoses. Rupert Brooke once wrote a litany of old things he loved; and among them were old silver, old linen and old houses. One may say that only a poet would be so preoccupied with ancient things; but I do not think so. He simply helps us all to a keener appreciation of the sanctities of the past by thus voicing his own rapture. Old things usually have exciting histories. And if, on your travels, the ruined walls of Hadrian's Villa, or the Coliseum, do not cause you to use your imagination, then nothing will; and you might as well make up your mind that Tradition, with all that it implies, is not for you.

Forty-one railroads have now agreed to carry two persons for one fare — that is, a blind person who has to be escorted by a guide need not pay a fare for the guide. This generous act was not forced on the railroads but was taken voluntarily at the suggestion of the American Foundation for the Blind. It is a fine demonstration of the fact that the "soulless corporation" is pretty much a thing of the past. And it is another example of a reform accomplished through the new self-government of business, acting in concert, without anybody running to the government to get a compulsory law passed. — Editorial, *Woman's Home Companion*.



Americana

(Continued from page 413)

SOUTH DAKOTA: Associated Press dispatch from the rising town of Sisseton:

Amos White, a Sioux Indian, bit off the end of his wife's nose so she would be less attractive to other Indian men. Today he was sentenced to two years and eight months in the State Penitentiary.

VIRGINIA: Associated Press dispatch from the grand old town of Norfolk:

Last year the Four County Fair Association, which annually holds a county fair at Suf-

folk, had a hog-calling contest. This year the association is arranging a husband-calling contest and inquiries indicate the announcement is creating wide interest. The contest is to be open to all married women and the decision of the judges will be based on the persuasive qualities of the call, the language in which it is couched, and the amount of endearment or command put into it.

WASHINGTON: News item in the *Spokane Daily Press*:

Mrs. Walter Grob, of Rocklyn, was elected queen to represent Davenport at the Harrington Mule Show. Mrs. Walter Harms, of Larene, will act as her attendant.

Among September Magazines

Publishers' advance announcements of periodicals which are current when this issue of the **DIGEST** reaches subscribers.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

The Size of Living Things, by Julian S. Huxley.

Thomas Huxley was not more illuminating than is his grandson in this brilliant performance.

May We Kill? by Sir W. Beach Thomas. A challenge to every reader with convictions; a shock to every reader without them.

The Civilization of These United States, by Hermann Keyserling.

Count Keyserling hews to his line, letting the chips fly where they may.

The Way to Next Wednesday, by Eleanor Risley.

The delightful adventures of a wandering woman.

The Prairie Years of Grandmother Brown, by Harriet Connor Brown.

Never was life fuller than Grandmother Brown's hundred years. She lived America.

Conversation on an Island, by James Norman Hall.

The island is in the South Seas, and Captain Hall does the talking.

CENTURY MAGAZINE

The Century Magazine announces that with its next issue it will become a Quarterly. There will be 160 pages of text in the new Quarterly, which will be 75 cents a copy, \$3.00 a year. It will be the first popular quarterly; and the first quarterly not published by a local or University group.

THE FORUM

What I Believe, by Bertrand Russell.

The Forum has invited some of the most distinguished and representative thinkers to formulate their personal credos. This is the first of the series.

Is Anything Left of Religion? by Theodore W. Darnell and Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.

A Forum debate. The ancients laid down categorical rules of conduct; many

moderns find themselves completely at sea concerning the sanctions of good behavior. Does this mean the ultimate "fade-out" of religion?

Enforce Prohibition! by Francis Scott McBride.

The Anti-Saloon League's reply to Mr. Coudert's challenge in the August issue.

On Having a Baby, by Thomas Craven.

A record of the trials and tribulations of an expectant father.

Humanism and Religion, by Norman Foerster.

Adventures in Old-Fangled Education, by Hamilton Holt.

The President of Rollins College tells how and why he has abolished the lecture system.

For a New Indian Policy, by Mary Austin. The story of the stupidity and political corruption in our handling of Indian affairs.

Don Juan, by André Maurois.

The second installment of the biography of Byron.

GOLDEN BOOK

The Funeral Guest, by Almet Jenks.

"In the Beginning —" by F. W. Bain.

Running Wolf, by Algernon Blackwood.

The Falcon, by Giovanni Boccaccio.

Something Else, by Hugh MacNair Kahler.

Madame Delicieuse, by George W. Cable.

The Death of the Dauphin, by Alphonse Daudet.

A Change of Treatment, by W. W. Jacobs.

The Restaurant of "The Silver Bells" by Frank Swinnerton.

An Imaginary Run on a Turkish Railway, by George Cruikshank.

How I Killed a Bear, by Charles Dudley Warner.

Deporte, by Gertrude Mathews Shelby.

A Morality Play for the Leisure Class, by John Lloyd Balderston.

Also the usual departments, *Ethics in a Business Suit*, *So They Say*, and *Hors-D'Oeuvres from the Newest Books*.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

One God or Many? by Aldous Huxley.

The author of *Point Counter Point* arrives at the astonishing conclusion that the modern world craves more gods to worship.

It Paid to Be a Bargain Wife, Anonymous. She married on a fifty-fifty basis and combined her home duties with a job. Her marriage went to pieces, but she tells why she has not recanted in her philosophy of life.

Uprooted Americans, by Eugene Bagger. There are thousands of Americans living more or less permanently in Europe. Why do they stay there? One of their number discusses the pros and cons of expatriation.

Is the Woman's Club Dying? by Anna Steese Richardson.

At the present rate of decline it may soon be as obsolete as the horse and buggy. Mrs. Richardson points out the reasons for its perplexing decline.

The Patient's Dilemma, by Dr. Joseph Collins.

The Other Prohibition Country, by Rheta Childe Dorr.

THE MENTOR

A "new" and "modern" *Mentor* is announced for the next issue. It will contain among other features:

Night Life in Nineveh, by Walter Davenport.

Exciting narrative of Nineveh's night life, from Shalmanesser the Stern to the final downfall by flood and fire.

Thaddeus Stevens: The Thorn in Lincoln's Side, by W. E. Woodward, author of *Meet General Grant*.

Tennis Holds Court, by William T. Tilden, 2nd.

The evolution of tennis.

Love of the Leader, by George Creel.

Dramatic story of the famous Irish leader, Charles Stewart Parnell, and his tragic love affair with Kitty O'Shea.

Hidden Treasure, by E. Alexander Powell. Knowing what collectors want, helps to pay for your trip abroad.

Tess of the D'Urbervilles, by Grant Overton.

The first of a series of "twice-told tales."

Dogs, by Albert Payson Terhune.

Colonial Goblins, by Margaret Widdemer. *Silks*, by Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte.

Aviation, by Dennis Farmer.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

I Know You Al, by Edward D. Sullivan.

The dramatic career of "Scarface" Al Capone, the Chicago gangster, and how it reveals the new menace of organized crime in America.

Shall We Scrap the Constitution? by David L. Fultz.

A prominent member of the New York bar eloquently defends drastic enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Is the Tariff Fair to Farmers? by Theodore Christianson.

The Governor of Minnesota explains why the farmers consider themselves tricked by the pending measure.

But What Is Success? by the Very Rev. William Ralph Inge.

England's famous "Gloomy Dean" considers the American success cult.

The Ways of Muk-Pi, by Mary Lee Davis. Quaint glimpses of life among the Eskimos.

John's Adventures in Education.

A woman writer describes her son's disillusionments in American schools after his varied education abroad.

Passion in Poland, by John Gunther.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

New Divorce Courts for Old, by Carrington T. Marshall.

A million homes have been broken up without anything more being known of divorce than statistics. An eminent jurist reveals the absurdities of the present situation and suggests a remedy.

And the Poor Have Not the Gospel, by John Thomas Stewart.

A minister presents the revolutionary suggestion that ministers really teach what the New Testament says about wealth and sex.

The Unknown Washington, by John Corbin. A study of the real character of George Washington which goes deep.

Charles Chaplin, a Portrait, by Waldo Frank.

An explanation of the elusive character of the screen star.

A Buck Private in a German Prison Camp.

One of the group of high lights of the war which Scribner's is publishing.

Foraging on Parnassus. Anonymous.

A professor smashes tradition in order to pay his debts.

The Passing of the Street Cry, by John J. Niles.

A record, with music, of the calls of picturesque street venders.

Literary Sign-Posts, a new department discussing significant new books conducted by Robert E. Sherwood.

March of Events.

Regular monthly discussion of current events.

Myron T. Herrick, by the Editor.

An introduction to a series of articles telling about the interesting life and work of one of America's greatest Ambassadors.

WORLD'S WORK

A New Era in Cabinet Making, by Theodore G. Joslin.

Mr. Hoover has ideas differing from any preceding president as to the functioning of the various departments.

Cross Country by Air, by Velva Darling.

An account of the first west to east flight of the Transcontinental Air Transport by one of the passengers who flew with Colonel Lindbergh at the inauguration of this improved service.

Ramsay MacDonald — Again, by Sir Philip Gibbs.

The famous English author analyzes the character of England's new premier. *Promoting Self Expression*, by Hughes Mearns.

What may be accomplished by guiding children rather than by teaching them.

Number Nine Thousand, by Courtney Ryley Cooper.

An account of the new oil-electric locomotive recently put in operation by the Canadian National Railway. The most revolutionary step in railroading since the manufacture of the famous Rocket.

The Sea Devil's Fo'c's'le Tales, by Lowell Thomas.

More adventures of Count Felix Von Luckner.

Motor Ships of the Air, by Roswell Ward.

The development of the Diesel airplane motor has now been perfected in Germany, England, and the United States.

Hoover the President, by William Hard.

Europe Comes Back, by Henry Kittridge Norton.

A Bumper Crop of Cults, by Charles W. Ferguson.

Hundreds of religious cults are flourishing in this country, numbering in their membership hundreds of thousands of people.

The Old Spanish Trail, by Richard Barry.

A description of our newest transcontinental highway.

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WELLS ROOT (p. 365), former dramatic critic and originator of the column "Cast and Forecast" in the "New York World," is now on the writing staff of Paramount Leaky, at Hollywood.

WILLIAM HARD (p. 367) was educated in London and at Northwestern University, held a history fellowship, headed a Chicago settlement, was assistant to the Commissioner of Public Works of Chicago, became an editorial and magazine writer and is now a Washington political correspondent. He also has several book titles.

A. VIBERT DOUGLAS (p. 377) is a lecturer in astrophysics at McGill University.

CAPTAIN ROBERT A. BARTLETT (p. 400) comes of a family for which seal hunting has been the means of livelihood for more than a century. His great-great-great uncle was the first man to bring his little shallop beyond the confines of Conception Bay to the Labrador coast. His father still skips a sealing vessel.

F. J. SCHLINK (p. 403) is a mechanical engineer-physicist, specializing in specification and standardization work. He was formerly technical assistant to the Director of the Bureau of Standards. He was the co-author, with Stuart Chase, of "Your Money's Worth."

ALFRED PEARCE DENNIS (p. 405) was formerly Commercial Attaché to the American Embassy at Rome, and is now Vice Chairman of the United States Tariff Commission.

THOMAS McKNIGHT (p. 406) is connected with an advertising agency. His "Wall Street Marries Broadway" grows out of close observation of the entertainment business and audiences, and some months spent in the Keith offices.

CARL J. LOMEN (p. 414) was of the earliest pioneers in the gigantic and rapidly growing industry that has been built up around the reindeer of Alaska. He is still very active in the business of raising these animals and making them available for world meat markets.

STUART CHASE (p. 417) is president of the Labor Bureau, Inc., of New York and a co-author of "Your Money's Worth." His most recent book is "Men and Machines."

JONATHAN MITCHELL (p. 420) is a former foreign correspondent of the "New York World."

EDWARD R. ARMSTRONG (p. 423) is the inventor of the floating landing fields which he describes.

GILBERT SELDES (p. 425) began his writing career as music critic on the Philadelphia "Evening Ledger," shortly after his graduation from Harvard. He was a newspaper correspondent during the World War, and at one time editor of "Collier's," and later of the "Dial."

DEEMS TAYLOR (p. 431) is well known as the composer of the music for the first American opera, "The King's Henchman."

E. BOYD BARRETT (p. 426) is a former Jesuit priest who is a member, in good standing, of the Roman Catholic Church. He is also the author of two recent books, "The Jesuit Enigma" and "While Peter Sleeps."

WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER and **WADDILL CATCHINGS** (p. 433) began studying economic and social problems together as members of a Harvard debating team, about 25 years ago, and have ever since kept up the discussion. Five years ago they published their first book "Money." Two years later they published "Profits."

DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI (p. 459) is a young Indian who has studied in America. He has been a contributor to the best American literary magazines. At the time when discussion raged over Katherine Mayo's "Mother India," Mr. Mukerji published "A Son of Mother India Answers."

SIR PHILIP GIBBS (p. 466) is the well-known English journalist who was knighted for his work as a war correspondent.

ALBERT RUSSEL ERSKINE (p. 472), president of the Studebaker Company, has been a director of the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago, and recently united Pierce Arrow with Studebaker. He is also president of the Board of Lay Trustees of Notre Dame, and one of the leading spirits of the Boy Scout movement in Indiana.

The ADAPTABLE Magazine



Because of its pocket-size, its short, meaty articles, and its large type, The Reader's Digest, more readily than any other publication, can be read systematically each month in odd moments, otherwise wasted.

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